

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. V.—No. 225.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1861.

[PRICE FIVE CENTS.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

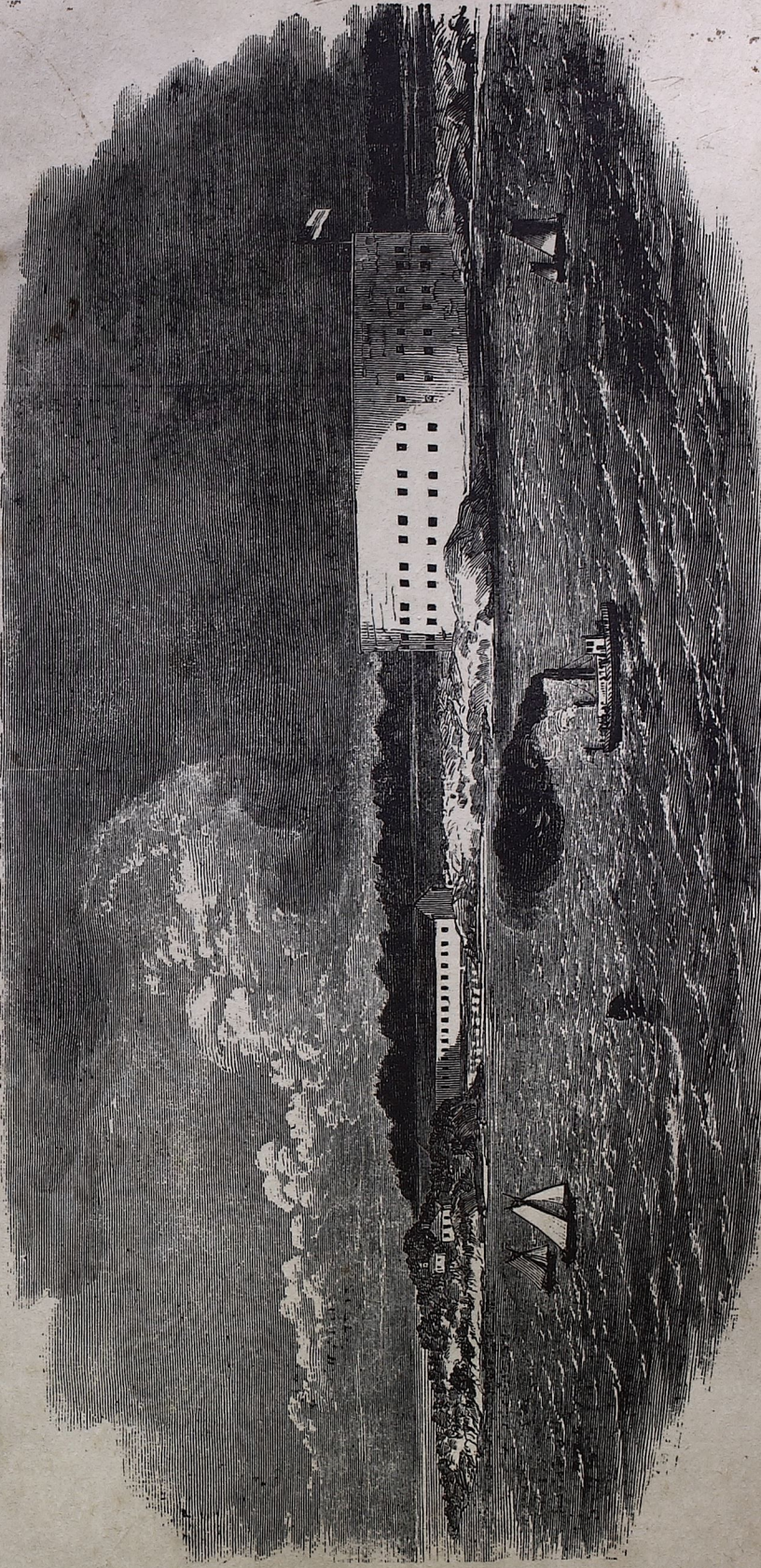
In view of the momentous events which are impending, and of the possible outbreak of civil war, the proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to draw public attention to the following list of engravings which have been published in this journal within the past few weeks, as evidence of the fidelity and thoroughness with which they are rendering their pledge to "give a well-drawn, well-engraved, and well-printed illustration of every important event that occurs." Almost all of the illustrations of the Southern Forts have been made from drawings by United States Officers; and the proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* take this opportunity of informing Officers in the Army and Navy serving in the South that they will be glad to receive sketches of Forts and Scenes of Interest at the present crisis, and to pay liberally for such as they may use. Any officer in either service can obtain the *Weekly* gratuitously for six months by sending his address to this office.

SEVERAL SKETCHES OF MAJOR ANDERSON IN  
FORT MOULTREE.  
THE ENTRY INTO FORT SUMTER.  
THE OCCUPATION OF CASTLE PINCKNEY.  
MAPS OF THE CHARLESTON HARBOR.  
PROFILE VIEW OF THE SAME.  
THE MARINE SCHOOL AT CHARLESTON.  
FORT SUMTER, FROM SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.  
THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AND POWDER MAGAZINE  
AT CHARLESTON.  
FORT MOULTREE—CHARLESTON IN THE DISTANCE.  
PORTRAIT OF MAJOR ANDERSON, U. S. ARMY.  
PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN FOSTER, U. S. ARMY.  
PORTRAITS OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.



HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS, U. S. MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR PICKENS.  
PORTRAIT OF JUDGE MAGRATH, SECRETARY OF STATE.  
PORTRAIT OF SECRETARY OF WAR JAMISON.  
PORTRAIT OF REV. DR. BACHMAN.  
PORTRAITS OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.  
THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY OF CHARLESTON.  
THE CHARLESTON ZOUAVES.  
FORT JOHNSON, CHARLESTON HARBOR.  
THE "STAR OF THE WEST."  
THE PRAYER AT SUMTER.  
FIRING ON THE "STAR OF THE WEST."  
THE BATTERY AT FORT MOULTREE BEARING ON FORT SUMTER.  
DISMANTLED GUNS AT FORT MOULTREE.  
FORT SUMTER, SEEN FROM THE REAR.  
THE MAIN BATTERY AT FORT SUMTER.  
THE CASEMATES AT FORT SUMTER.  
THE SALLY-FORT AT FORT SUMTER.  
THE GORGE AT FORT SUMTER.  
THE INTERIOR AT FORT SUMTER.  
A TEN-INCH COLUMBIAD AT FORT SUMTER.  
INTERIOR OF THE SALLY-FORT AT FORT SUMTER.  
OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.  
THE GOOD-BY OF THE SOLDIERS' WIVES TO FORT SUMTER.  
MAJOR ANDERSON'S QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.  
A "EMBASSURE"—OUTSIDE AND INSIDE—AT FORT SUMTER.  
"ANDERSON'S" COMMAND AT FORT SUMTER.  
FORT MOULTREE.  
MORRIS ISLAND, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.  
FORT JOHNSON, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.  
THE IRON-CLAD BATTERY ON CUMMING'S ISLAND.  
AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.  
FORT PICKENS, PENSACOLA, LOOKING SOUTHWEST.  
PORTRAIT OF LIEUTENANT SLEMMER.  
PORTRAIT OF LIEUTENANT GILMAN.  
FRONT VIEW OF FORT PICKENS, SHOWING THE SALLY-FORT.  
THE FLAG-STAFF BASTION AT FORT PICKENS.  
THE SALUTE ON 22D FEBRUARY AT FORT PICKENS.  
THE BOAT-HOUSE AND LANDING AT FORT PICKENS.  
ONE OF THE FLANK CASEMATE BATTERIES AT FORT PICKENS.



THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES OPPOSITE FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA.—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF LIEUTENANT SLEMMER'S COMMAND.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Fort M'Pike.

Harbor Police Boat.

Water Battery.

Lagoon.

# THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES AGAINST FORT PICKENS.

SEA BATTERY AT FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA.  
INTERIOR OF SEA BATTERY AT FORT MONROE.  
TESTING THE BIG COLUMBIAD AT FORT MONROE.  
THE RIF-RAFS.  
SHIPS IN THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.  
FORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS  
FORT TAYLOR, KEY WEST.  
FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.  
UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

THE NAVY-YARD AT NORFOLK.  
THE NAVY-YARD AT WASHINGTON.  
FORT WACHITA, TEXAS.  
FORT ARBUCKLE, TEXAS.  
FORT DAVIS, TEXAS.  
FORT BROWN, TEXAS.  
FORT LANCASTER, TEXAS.  
FORT ISABEL, TEXAS.  
THE ALAMA, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.  
SURRENDER OF GENERAL TWIGGS, AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

THE WASHINGTON ARSENAL.  
FORT ON CRANEY ISLAND.  
FORT NORFOLK.  
THE RICHMOND ARMORY.

The proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to state that they have made the most extensive arrangements for the illustration of future movements at the South, and that the public may rely upon finding in *Harper's Weekly* an accurate and reliable picture of every scene of interest to which occurrences may direct attention. The increasing circulation of *Harper's Weekly* renders it a most desirable advertising medium.

## HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS.

### UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

We publish on the preceding page, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of the Hon. CHARLES F. ADAMS, who is to succeed Mr. Dallas at the court of St. James. Mr. Adams will fill one of the most important posts in the Government in the present condition of the country.

He is the third member of his family who has represented the country in England. His grandfather, John Adams, was the first American Minister to the Court of St. James: it was to him that King George the Third delivered the famous apostrophe, "I am, Sir, of all men in England, as you may imagine, the sorriest to receive you here." This was in 1786. Thirty years afterwards, the son of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, represented the United States at the Court of St. James in London, and so on to the present day.

Mr. Adams has lived a quiet, unobtrusive life. In 1848 he was a delegate to the famous Buffalo Convention, and was chosen President of that body, a post of which he discharged the duties with credit. He subsequently published the life and writings of his grandfather, John Adams—a work of great merit, which occupies a standard place in our political literature. Two years ago he was elected to Congress. He has not been a prominent member of the House; but the first proposition for a compromise came from him: he represented Massachusetts in the famous perilous speech delivered in Congress on the crisis was his.

He is fifty-three years of age, and is in possession of a splendid fortune, part of which he derived from his wife.

## FORT M'RAE, PENSACOLA.

We publish on the preceding page a view of Fort M'RAE, PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, from a sketch by an officer of Lieutenant Slemmer's command, who writes as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—Inclosed is a sketch of Fort M'RAE, at the entrance of Pensacola Harbor, and directly opposite Fort Pickens, from which the view is taken. It is a little more than one mile and a quarter from Fort Pickens, and about one mile and three-fourths from Fort Barrancas. It shows from Fort Pickens 44 embrasures, having two tiers of casemate guns and one *en barbette*. None of the latter, however, are mounted, and but few of the former.

"The fort is on an island, being separated from the main land by a narrow, shallow cut (seen on the right), made during the gale of September, 1858—from the bay through to the lagoon, seen in rear of the fort. In one place the water reaches to the walls of the fort; but near the southeast corner the sand has been thrown so high by the waves as to conceal several embrasures.

"To the south is seen the Water Battery, still unfinished and without guns. To the left, of this is the house of the beacon-light keeper and Beacon-light, which is now seldom lighted. The small steamboat entering the harbor is the *Cushing*, which is kept running night and day by the harbor police, for the purpose of cutting off any supplies that citizens, so disposed, might send either to the fleet or fort.

"In the fore-ground is seen the western extremity of Santa Rosa Island, on which Fort Pickens is situated.

"This portion—and, in fact, the whole island—is cut up by irregular sand-ridges, some of the hills coasts rising as high as fifteen or twenty feet."

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1861.

## THE RIGHT OF SECESSION.

THE State of Virginia has decided not to secede; but has adopted, in Convention, a series of resolutions affirming, among other things, the right of a State to secede from the Union at will. In like manner, the State of Missouri, which is overwhelmingly opposed to secession, and the State of Kentucky, in which no Convention has been called, both declare that in the event of forcible measures being taken by the General Government to resist the dismemberment of the Union, they will take sides with the seceded States.

It seems questionable whether the continued alliance of these States, on these conditions, is an unmixed gain. If this Union of ours is a confederacy of States which is liable to be dissolved at the will of any of the States, and if no power rests with the General Government to enforce its laws, it would seem that we have been laboring under a delusion these eighty years in supposing that we were a nation, and the fact would appear to be that the several States of the Union have really been united by no closer bond than that which connects us with Great Britain and France—a mere treaty stipulation, which any of the parties were at liberty to annul at pleasure.

It is of the essence of nationality that the Government of the whole shall be obeyed by each constituent part, and that the covenants of the nation shall bind each and every section thereof. If any one part can declare itself not bound by the national laws and obligations, nations are mere idle formalities, dependent for their force on the will of the party bound—in other words, absolute nullities. Such a government would be a mere ridiculous fiction: the sooner exploded the better.

Peaceable secession is *organized anarchy*. To-day, it may be the election of a sectional President; to-morrow, the passage of a bad tariff; next, the conclusion of an unpopular treaty; next, the creation of a large debt; next, the declaration of a doubtful war. If the right of secession be admitted, each or any of these things may be successfully invoked by any State to justify the repudiation of the laws, treaties, and the question, therefore, which is presented to the people of the Northern States by the people of the border States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri is, whether or no they will accept organized anarchy as the normal condition of their political existence, as the price of retaining these States in the Union?

Suppose the Pope, as the sovereign of Venice, and Francis-Joseph, as the sovereign of Venetia, were to say to Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy:

"Sire, you are anxious to unite Italy under one head. On certain terms we will confederate with you. You shall give us the benefit of your laws, your army, your navy, your post-office, your national prestige, your power. You shall protect us against the foreign world, so that our citizens shall be safe wherever they go. You shall grant us the benefit of your national credit, so that the money needed for our national public works can be raised. You shall put down robbers and pirates in our midst. In return for this we will give you our allegiance as long as we please; but from the hour we decide to withdraw if you shall have no right to coeuvre us, or to keep us within your dominion by force."

An Italian friend suggests that Victor Emmanuel would be likely to reply to this proposal by remarking that it offered him a one-sided bargain; that a compact which could be shuffled off by one of the parties and not by the other was hardly worth making; that if Venetia and Rome really sought admission into the kingdom of Italy, they must first admit that Italy was a nation, and that its laws must be enforced throughout its territory; and that whatever conditions Venetia and Rome sought to make with the parent State, they must not be mentioned until the vital considerations of a stable nationality and a universal acquiescence in the authority of the general laws of the kingdom had been settled beyond dispute.

This, in our friend's opinion, is the way the question would be viewed in Italy.

## THE MISSION OF THE NEGRO.

A *TIMELY* book, pending the present excitement on slavery in this country, is SEWELL'S "ORDEAL OF FREE LABOR IN THE WEST INDIES." Every one knows that the negroes in the British West Indies were emancipated in 1838, and those in the French and Danish Islands in 1848. The negroes in the Spanish Islands are still in a condition of slavery. Mr. Sewell spent two years in traveling through these islands, making observations, collecting statistics, and comparing opinions; the result

of his travels is to be found in the compact volume now appearing from the press of the Harpers.

Two opinions are entertained by two antagonistic sects with regard to British emancipation in the West Indies. The prevailing notion in this country is that emancipation was a mistake; that it ruined the islands, and did not benefit the negro; that it sacrificed the white man without helping the black. Another opinion, which is the common notion held in England, is that emancipation—with compensation to the owners—was a noble instance of national devotion to principle; that the islands were ruined, not by emancipation, but by the previous bad management and wasteful living of the planters; and that the negroes, after idling for a generation, as was natural to a race suddenly freed from a bondage of centuries, are now slowly reviving to usefulness, and acquiring habits of labor, industry, and virtue.

The partisans of both these opinions will find material to sustain their views in Mr. Sewell's most conscientious and dispassionate work. That the author has opinions of his own there can be but little doubt. He writes, however, so impartially that we are inclined to think that both the slavery and the anti-slavery leaders will, on the strength of isolated passages and statements, claim him as an ally.

The work will doubtless furnish material for a library of controversial essays on the vexed question.

## THE BORDER STATES.

THERE are no States in the Union or out of it which are so deeply interested in the maintenance of peace, order, and good government as Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri. For of all the States, Nature has done most for them. God created them the garden of the continent. Blessed with a soil of unusual fertility, and a climate exquisitely adjusted between the extremes of heat and cold, they enjoy the advantages of both the northern and the southern meridians, and have, if their people do not prevent Providence, a greater future than any other part of the country. They can grow every thing from the northern potato and apple to the southern cotton-plant, the grape, and the fig. Their soil overrules miles of ores of various kinds, iron, gold, copper, lead, and coal. They stretch in an unbroken line from the great waters of the interior to the great ocean, which washes the continent. If they great waste between the West and the East. Their climate is so admirable that it is a miracle they have not absorbed the whole population of the continent. To a dweller in frozen Michigan or torrid Louisiana, life under the genial sun of Virginia seems a dream of impossible bliss. In the shade of the grand old woods of that noble State, with no winter snow-storms, no summer dog-days, no deadly epidemics, no frightful struggle with nature for existence, but just such a rotation of seasons as gives a relish to each, and tempts the earth to bring forth her regular increase, GEORGE WASHINGTON beguiled his declining years with visions of the future glories of his native soil, and of the possible predominance of the Potomac over all other rivers of America. Can such a State seek to emulate the destiny of the desolate regions in Mexico and Central America, to which God, in His Providence, was originally as bountiful as to her?

## BETTER THAN DOLLARS.

Is there any thing better than dollars? Acknowledge dollars, bankable, redeemable in gold on presentation?

"No, Sir," says our old friend, COTTON PORK, Esquire, "there is not. Young people talk sentiment about honor, and principle, and patriotism, and that sort of thing; but there is nothing reliable in the world but dollars." And Cotton Pork is sincere. He acts up to his principles. He married a sickly, cross-grained wife whom he did not love, but who had dollars, in preference to a sweet girl whom he loved—as far as he could—who had none. He commits acts in business daily which are not honorable, and some traduce him therefor; but what matters it? he makes dollars. He marries his daughter to a life of misery and probably crime—for dollars. He starts his son in partnership with a rogue—for the sake of dollars. He is for his country if dollars are on the country's side; otherwise he crawls on his belly to lick the feet of the enemy who offers him dollars. As he says himself: "Honor, patriotism, principle, affection, delicacy—all these are debatable matters: one man sees them in one light, another man in another; but no man disputes that a dollar is a dollar, and worth one hundred cents, if bankable. No, Sir."

Cotton Pork is a Northern man. Mostly from New England, though often transplanted to New York, and doing well in our climate. Some varieties of his genus have been tried at the South, but they don't thrive there. They can't stand so much sun.

At the South—an odd region—dollars are well

thought of, to be sure, but still they don't govern. People don't measure each other on plantations by the financial foot-rule; nor is public policy exclusively adjusted to the dollar standard. It seems ridiculous, but people talk and think much more about honor at the South than about dollars. Our friend Cotton Pork is, of course, ready to prove that they are a very deluded race; that they don't agree even among themselves as to what honor requires; and that they would have done much better to have kept their eye always fixed on the man chance. But he don't convince them. In South Carolina they go to prodigious expense, sacrifice the trade of their port, mulct their rich men, and drive their poor out of employment; but they stick firmly to their point of honor. In New York Cotton Pork pooh-poohs the firing on the *Star of the West*, demands the evacuation of Sumter, declares himself ready to vote for slavery in New York, but howls like a wild beast when he is told that New Orleans is going to import gunnery cloth. In Louisiana private citizens subscribe for five millions of the new loan of the Southern Confederacy at par—knowing the prospect of the security; in New York Cotton Pork, Esq., condescends to come to the relief of his country by taking United States Treasury notes at twelve per cent. per annum, which, as money is not worth over six, is not so very expensive patriotism.

Yet Cotton Pork is a patriot—in one way. He is dead against civil war. "What!" says he, "imbrue our hands in our brothers' blood—and knock Central down to 60? Deluge the country with gore—and put an end to our trade in pegged boots? Spread havoc through peaceful vales—and deprive us of a market for gunnery cloth? Carry the sword and torch into happy plantations—and write off our outstanding Southern claims? Stain the national flag with American blood—and hand over the Northern market to foreigners? Never, never, never!" The good man's bosom warms with the theme, and he denounces fighting with the energy of a Quaker. Strange, how differently they talk down South! They spend no energy in denouncing civil war. They do not want to fight. They seek peace. But if it comes, they will make no finer faces. It will cost them much, but they utter no such philanthropic shrieks as proceed from the mouth of Cotton Pork. They seem to think that there are things worse than fighting in this world—and better than dollars. An odd people, surely.

## THE LOUNGER.

CHURCH'S NEW YORK.

IN the last number of Thackeray's "Philip" there is some very pleasant talk about artists, *apropos* of our old friend in "The Newcomes," J. Kilday, who has now become a Royal Academician. Thackeray has a fond banking for art and artists. He always describes them well. He loves the Bohemian land in which they are wont to dwell. There is a freshness, a simplicity, a sweetness and pathos in the pursuit of art and the character of artists which especially interest and charm a man who is much in what is technically called the world. Besides, Thackeray's homage to the studio has a pensive regret in its tone, for he wanted to be a painter; and they are his own sketches, the same old familiar faces, with which we are regaled in the illustrations of "Philip."

"To be a painter," says Thackeray, in the character of Arthur Pendennis, "and to have your hand in perfect command, I hold to be one of life's *summa bona*. The happy mixture of hand and head work must render the occupation supremely pleasant. In the day's work must occur endless delightful difficulties and occasions for skill over the details of that armor, that drapery, or what not, the sparkle of that eye, the downy blush of that cheek, the jewel on that neck, there are battles to be fought and victories to be won." And so on to the end of a pleasant paragraph. And who has not thought so a thousand times as he ascended (painters are apt to dwell near heaven) to the studio? As he passed in "young the canvases and breathed the atmosphere of paint, who has not thought of Noma entering the sweet-scented wood to commune with the nymph? As he came out again, and descended to earth and walked the streets once more, who has not felt as Mignon felt wandering over Germany but yearning for Italy? What are the happy and fragrant memories of youth and travel? Answer, Cape Greco; answer, Lepre; answer, hilarious nights when, as Topaz jocularly declared, all baggage was at the risk of the owner.

Thinking these things in the luxurious chair in the spacious studio, idly regarding the buffalo plunging headlong from the wall, and the butterfly, burning spot of splendor by his side, we have not yet lifted our eyes to the picture which we have all known was painting for us: the new work of the year, which is as surely and sternly required of a famous painter as of a successful novelist. There it is, at last. It is about the size of the Heart of the Andes, but rather smaller. It is as bold a picture as was ever painted, for there is nothing before you but air, light, and water. In the centre of the middle distance, a huge iceberg, drifting glacier at sea; beyond it, at the left, the scene opens out into the solemn, dark distance of a sulen sea, with two distant piles and peaks of ice, leading the eye away, away, to the cloudy gloom that muffles the horizon; while beyond it, at the right, in pale blue, luminous shadow, the shining crags, and angles, and buttresses of ice, mingle in receding obscurity—an awful gorge of

death and shadowy splendor. In the foreground, at the left, a vast jagged cliff of splintering, shattering, crystal green and blue ice stretches from the bottom to the top of the canvas; immediately in front there is a rough and fissured plain of ice, then an opening of water; and at the left foreground a fantastic fret-work worn by ceaseless currents in the ice, floating islets of emerald, azure arches, among which a rock is caught and held, bewildering of shifting hues. Between the plain of ice and the icebergs of the middle distance, a bay makes up from the outer sea—a bay secluded in mid-ocean by icy continents, that turn, and grind, and rend, and fall thundering asunder, leaving the secluded bay a wild yeast of tossing sea. The long line of ocean swell comes rippling up the beach. There is no sign of human life. All is silence, solitude, and desolation. If you see from snow-peaks, flushed with sunset, that you see from the terrace at Berne, should meet you nearer, drifting along the coast of Labrador, you would see what you see now in Church's picture.

Much of the charm of such a work lies of course in the exquisite delicacy and play of tint. The transparent gleams; the glimmering vistas of cold, rich light; the shifting, evanescent hues of pools and shining points; the vast, thick ribs of dull green crystal; the ghostly glare—these cast a phantom and poetic spell. The same daring talent that last year did not hesitate to cope with all the intricacy of tropical luxuriance now reveals in Arctic magnificence; and the same conscientious fidelity, the same sensitive apprehension of color and light, the same calm self-reliance of the artist, will unquestionably conquer the same success.

THE RIGHT OF REVOLUTION.

There is one axiom in which all humane and thoughtful men are agreed; and that is, that war, being among the most fearful of evils, should be postponed as long as the welfare of society allows, and that therefore revolution should be considered as the last and solemn and dreadful appeal. The conscience of mankind sits in perpetual judgment upon every national movement which involves the shedding of blood and brute force as the arbiter of dispute. It holds that a revolution must be clearly shown to be necessary before it can be justified; the hopelessness of legal remedy must be perfectly plain, before the cry for revolution becomes other than a summons to blood and pillage.

When great wrongs have been endured in personal rights or property interest, which it is the object of Government to protect, and the Government declines to defend them, or even insists upon inflicting the wrongs—then, when argument, appeal, entreaty, have failed, there remains but one method, and the Government itself is guilty of provoking the contest. But this can only be true of an unchangeable government. Wherever the Government is constantly and directly responsible to the people, through a Parliament, it is not easy to conceive of a justifiable revolution. For the difficulties that might present themselves would always be more readily solved for the benefit of all, in some constitutional method, than by the blind resort to arms. The Government, of course, could do only what the English Government did at the time of the Chartist riots, maintain general order and insist upon the observance of the laws.

Nor can there be any such thing allowed by men of sense as a prospective revolution; or an appeal to arms to settle difficulties that may arise, but have not yet arisen. Such a principle is the destruction of human society. If, however, a large body of men, discontented with the operation of a political system proposed to change it fundamentally even to the extent of terminating the Government, but strictly according to the terms prescribed by the system itself, by which alone it can be made lawful, no man who honestly believes in the government of the majority, or the practical principle of republics, would wish to prevent such a change. You may go out of my house, certainly; but you must not pull the house down as you go. In other words, you may change the government, if you wish, but only constitutionally, because otherwise you injure those who wish to retain it, and whom you do not wish to injure. Under a popular constitutional government, which provides for its own change, any change which, if seriously desired by any considerable number of citizens, can always be obtained. Why, then, appeal to anarchy?

These are truths which no calm and intelligent man in any part of this country could seriously dispute; and if we all had them sincerely at heart, no trouble could arise among ourselves that might not be amicably settled.

A GALLERY OF CASTS AT LAST.

The Lounger has often enough spoke of the noble Meng's Museum of casts in Dresden, which contains the most accurate reproductions in plaster of the finest statues in the world. The collection is unique and invaluable; for a plaster cast of a statue is the most perfect of all copies or imitations in art. It was a very feasible thing for some of our wealthy men who would build themselves such a perennial monument as Astor in the Library, Cooper in the Institute, and Vassar in the College, have built, to found a gallery of casts, which should give us in New York an accurate knowledge and enjoyment of what we must otherwise cross seas and travel thousands of miles to behold.

The beginning has at last been made. Thanks to the energy and tact of Henry T. Tuckerman, the fine collection of casts which belonged to the Sculptor Crawford has been secured, and will be held open for free public view and study under the auspices of the Central Park Commission. Those who were travelers in Italy of late years will remember this noble selection, and will appreciate the value of such a nucleus. Like the Egyptian Museum of Dr. Abbott, and the Astor Library, it is one of the natural ornaments of a metropolis;

and it is one of those possessions whose value every man of taste and means may increase, by adding casts of such works as are not already included. In this way, rapidly and at the smallest expense, the finest gallery of the kind in the world may be secured.

POSTERITY vs. THE POST-OFFICE.

At last New York is to have a Post-office. The disgraceful shod in which the letter business of the city has been transacted is to give way to a new and, we all hope, an entirely adequate building. The long and loud quarrel over the site has been settled by the Postmaster-General, who retains the present one. The merchants, and all who do business in the immediate vicinity, have been clearly of opinion that for every conceivable reason, the site should not be changed. The other merchants, and all who do business further up town, have been equally of opinion that for the same number of equally weighty reasons the Post-office should be transferred to some other spot. Thus our excellent friend the *Evening Post*, which is posted directly opposite the corner of the present office, has been firmly persuaded that it ought to stay where it is; while our other excellent friend the *Tribune*, which fronts the Park, has been unflickering in the faith that it ought to be moved up town, and placed somewhere convenient to the great center of things—say, for instance, upon the north side of the Park.

But the final authority has decided what ought to have been decided ten years ago, and the new Post-office is to be built upon the site of the old. Of course such a decision is not made without ample reasons. And, after all, although the march part of the town will always be occupied by stores and counting-houses, consequently by banks, which are their friends and servants. Moreover, the kind of trade which is likely to remain in that neighborhood is the heavy foreign trade, which, with the banks, has a heavy correspondence. Besides, although the Park may, by-and-by, be more of a practical centre than the corner of Cedar Street—and a practical centre is what is wanted—yet why should posterity win all the prizes? Posterity has a capital chance and plenty of plums, as it is. Posterity has drawn the Central Park; and a very pretty prize it is. Why should Posterity grudge us a convenient Post-office? Posterity will doubtless dwell upon the Heights of Weehawken; but we, some of us, who have got the start of Posterity in point of time, live upon Brooklyn Heights. We want our conveniences there and not beyond Hoboken. All in good time. Why will not Posterity consent to be satisfied with its fair share and be pacified? Does it grudge us our little letter-box? Then let it tell us how many letters it writes? Does Posterity correspond with China? (If it does, perhaps it can tell what the postage is, which is more than the Post-office could, or would do, of late.) Does Posterity correspond with any thing but the future? The Postmaster-General has been pestered with an incessant clamor of applicants. But of all vociferous solicitation this of Posterity is the most importunate.

A LITTLE CHARITY.

It is never worth while to get out your forty-finger answers every purpose. Likewise it is always amusing and unnecessary to expend wrath upon any obvious mistakes. Let us reserve wrath for crimes and criminals. Thus a good friend writes to the *Weekly* that he "must hope, for the honor of your literary critic, that it was a typographical error [to say the close of the seventeenth century, when evidently the close of the sixteenth was intended], otherwise his information with regard to the procession of historical events," etc.

Now, what a superfluity of lofty correction is here? If a man of ordinary reading says that at the time of the Reformation, in the middle of the fourteenth century, Luther was the central figure, why not make the ordinary charitable allowance for slips of the tongue? So, if you see what is manifestly a slip either of the pen or the types, why not have the same charity?

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

WAGNER'S Opera, the *Tannhäuser*, has been produced in Paris, and failed entirely. Money was spent in profusion, every advantage of scenery and costume was afforded, the choruses and the orchestra were perfectly drilled, preliminary puffs, and the national sympathy of the great number of Germans resident in Paris, were not wanting; there was the most ample and careful preparation; as if one of Meyerbeer's great works were to be produced; the Emperor was present on the first and second nights—but the third night has not come. The musical burst in the very crisis of the opera, whereby is expressed a profound and vital spiritual change in the hero's mind, instead of thrilling Paris, made it laugh. That, of course, was the end. "Wagner composes for the future," says pleasant Paris; "à la bonne heure, we won't let it on to the future, scrupulously dodging to hear. Our Philharmonic has played the Tannhäuser overture several times, and we are all more or less familiar with it. There are passages of great beauty and power, and the final triumphal march is certainly very grand. Even laughing Paris does not deny him genius. But there is undoubtedly a grandiose effort throughout which is not satisfactory. You find yourself saying to the instruments, as Hamlet said to the players: 'Leave your damnable faces and begin.' There is an elaborate anticipation and preparation; but when you ask when, in play's name, is it coming, when you learn to your dismay that the *tr* has come and passed.

Still a Parisian judgment is only conclusive for Paris, after all. Meyerbeer is the imperative musical fashion in Paris, although he is a German.

But, in general, Germany insists upon its own music so strongly that Paris rebels. Paris does not believe there can be a good German singer. "Mon Dieu! they don't know how to open their mouths!" Formes and Standlight, both made their names in London. Jenny Lind, knowing the Parisian feeling, would never sing in the gay city. "Dear Sir," said another Lounger to this one, as we sat in the *Opera Comique* listening to Ugalde in *L'Amour-Paris*—and how smiling, and pretty, and fluent, and French, it was!—"this Miss Jenny Lind knows too much to come to Paris: we should find her out!" This Lounger was fresh from Berlin, where he had just heard Jenny Lind in the *Sommersblude*, and he replied with ardor, "But my dear Sir, Jenny Lind despises Paris." The other Lounger smiled, as Cleopatra might have smiled if a poor Tullah, woman of the Nile had told her that she wouldn't be queen of Egypt. A Frenchman's idea of heaven is Paris, only more so.

So if Wagner has failed in Paris, there may be many reasons for the failure besides the music.

THE CALM CAVOUR.

When the calm Cavour says that the Pope's temporal must be separated from his spiritual power, and that Rome must be the capital of united Italy, it is clear that Garibaldi's dreams are coming true. The cautious Sardinian minister says nothing so bold until he has seen how his words may be made good; and there can be no doubt that we shall soon see another act in the Italian drama. The Pope, in his turn, protests. Cardinal Antonelli has answered About's pamphlet. The Bishop of Poitiers, in France, launches his mimic thunders at the Emperor. Austria threatens in Venice; but Cavour, sagacious, moderate, wise, does not hesitate to raise his fatal hand and write, *Mene, mene* upon the walls of the political Vatican. It shows how deeply persuaded the most astute of Italian statesmen is of the inevitable course of events in his country. From the Alps to Tarentum, from the Gulf of Genoa to the Adriatic, Italy is to be one and free. Then comes the great struggle—after the battle is fought comes the organization of victory. Triumph is often more trying than defeat to great causes; and a wise man may well tremble when his cause succeeds. But with the spirit now pervading Italy—with that heroic fervor which always sustains and distinguishes popular movements based upon the great principles of human liberty and progress—there is no reason to doubt the triumph of the Italian people if they are only permitted a fair fight. Cavour is full of respect for the spiritual position of the Pope. So is Louis Napoleon. They have no objection to his being a bishop as much as he will. But why the shepherd of souls should insist upon governing bodies they do not see. And failing to see, they will put an end to that branch of the business.

ADVICE.

"A PENITENT SUFFERER" has offended a lady in a matter that does not admit of explanation or apology, and wishes to know how to regain her good opinion. Why, if you will not explain or apologize, you can only conduct yourself as usual and leave time to show her that you are the unforgiving man you feel yourself to be.

But there is no case of the kind that does not admit of explanation. If offense is taken upon a misunderstanding, remove the misunderstanding. At least nine-tenths of the quarrels in society are the fruit of just such feeling as a Penitent Sufferer expresses—that the case does not admit of clearing up. Take the bull by the horns. If it be an *équivoque*, a *doubt* *entendre*, don't be afraid of it, but set it right. Mr. Sufferer, if you really value the favor of the lady, you will not consent to lose it through a misunderstanding.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AMERICAN METEOROLOGY.—"Now, boy, what are astro-lites?" "Guess they're the remains of seedling Stars smashed to pieces, that have tumbled out of the sky."

Which of the Italian Princesses is the most to be pitied?—The one who is out of Luca.

SHOP AND FREEDOM.

(From *Punch*.)

Though with the North we sympathize,  
It must not be forgotten  
That with the South we've stronger ties,  
Which are composed of cotton;  
Wherever our imports mount unto  
A sum of many figures;  
And where would be our cargo  
Without the toil of negroes!  
The South enslaves these fellow-men  
Whom we love all so dearly;  
Which makes us more nearly  
Thus divided duty we  
Pursue in this hard matter—  
Free Trade, or sable brothers free?  
Oh won't we choose the latter!

INDIGESTION FROM IRISH STEW.

The disruption of the once United States was at first wholly attributed to difference of opinion on the subject of Slavery, and next in part ascribed to diversity of views and interests respecting commerce. It was supposed that the result so much to be deplored and blushed for by all the friends of representative government. During many years a great emigration of disaffected Irishmen had been continually increasing the population of the American Republic. For a long time it was supposed that the emigration from Ireland so long may have at last disagreed with her, occasioning constitutional disturbance, which is, in a great measure, nothing more than an outbreak of a suppressed Irish malady, the fever which, with a smouldering fire, has always burned for Repeal of the Union.

THE SOUTHERN ACCOUNT FOR.—We are told by nurses, and other non-mongers, that the Truth must be told at all times. This may be one of the reasons why the Truth is so rarely told at all.

Monarchs sit in their palaces, and command sea and land, and pay tribute to monarchs; but women make monarchs pay tribute to them.

THERE ARE NO CHILDREN NOWADAYS.  
FORD FAKEER. "Shame on you, Julia! You know you have been out to a number of parties this season. Where't you out last Tuesday, Miss?"  
YOUNG LADY (*of about the years of age*). "Phew! I don't call that a party. Why, there were no less than!"

A young lady complained that she could not accept an invitation to a ball, as she had no beau. "I'll go with you," said the gentleman addressed; "for," added he, "am-a-be."

"Mamma," said a little fellow, whose mother had forbidden him to draw horses and ships on the mahogany side-board with a sharp nail—"mamma this ain't a nice house. At Sam Rackett's we can cut the sofa, and pull out the hair, and ride the shovel and along on the carpet; but here we can't get any run at all!"

The chap who recently converted his hat into a brick-yard has plucked the feathers from the wing of a horse.

John asked Julia if she would have him. "No," said she, "I will not have you." But before John could recover from the shock, she archly put in, "but you may have me!"

To attract customers Fume has put up an Electric Clock in his shop, and is terribly annoyed by boys running in to inquire the time of day. The other evening, as we were buying a cigar, a little shaver came in with the usual "Please, sir, tell me what time it is." "Why, I gave you the time of day, now, didn't I?" "Yes, sir," replied the lad, "but this is for another woman."

A schoolmaster thus describes a money-lender: "He serves you in the present tense; he lends in the conditional future; he keeps you in the subjunctive; and runs you in the future!"

"Billy, how did you lose your finger?" "Easy enough," said Billy. "I suppose you did—but how?" "I guess you'd a tea-yum that had a hole in it, and I was so hungry, I ate it." "Well, if I must know," said Billy, "I had to cut it off, or else steal the trap."

"Where shall I put this paper so as to be sure of seeing it to-morrow?" Inquired Mary Jane of her brother Charles. "Oh, on the looking-glass, to be sure," was the reply.

Who is a very unpopular officer with some of the ladies? General House-work.

In what vehicle did the man ride who was "driven frantic?" When a man revolves much in his mind, does it make him dizzy? If all things and all persons are made to order, what is the exact width of a broad grin?

Which is the queen of roses in the gardens?—The rose of the watering-pot, for it rains over all the others.

If you court a lady who has a Count among her suitors you will probably be counted out.

Machinery, like some great personages and a good many thieves, often travels around *theory*.

It is to be feared that the quality of tenderness is much more frequently found in bed-seats than in husbands or wives.

The man that was stuck up with pride has been taken down, and hangs on his own hook at present. In case the hook should give way, let him lie upon his own liabilities until he is prepared to sleep on a clear conscience.

It is as easy to do a "wise" thing as one that is quite the reverse. One of the very wisest things that can be done now is to send 75 cents to the Publisher of *Harper's Weekly*, in the form of a subscription to *Harper's*.

"Have I not, my son, given you every advantage?" "Oh, yes, but I couldn't think of taking advantage of you, father."

"Is it possible, Miss, that you don't know the names of some of your best friends?" "Certainly! I do not even know what my own name may be in a year from this time."

THE STRONGEST KIND OF A HINT.—A lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings will go on his little finger. "Who goes there?" said an Irish squire of the British legion at St. Sebastian. "A friend," was the prompt reply. "Then stand where you are, for, by the powers, you're the first I've met with in this murderin' country."

At a small town where Jenny Lind and Beniam had stood, a man asked the folk there if they had heard Jenny sing fifteen hundred dollars he would let them hear Jenny sing. The proposition was agreed to, and a large barn was procured. As Jenny was singing the "Bird Song," a tall fellow, who seemed to think he had been "served," taken in three dollars' worth, exclaimed, on Jenny's re-appearing,—"The darraction ye don't! Well, I can tell you, ye are singing for fifteen hundred dollars—three dollars a top-knot all round; and there's no use of telling folks you don't know why ye are singing. I guess darts corn will find out."

A young lawyer, who had long paid his court to a lady without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being "insensible to the power of love."

"It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so, because I am not to be loved by you." "But you should remember that all the votaries of Cupid are *soldiers*."

"I declare, mother," said a pretty little girl, in a pretty little way, "tis too bad! You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and make me get up when I am sleepy!"

A gentleman inquired of a humble Hibernian the reason why his countrymen are so apt to make bulls. "I'll tell you that, your honor," replied Paddy. "Whenever makes bulls in our own language; it is so in English, and in Irish, we do it—so, your honor, they are *English Bulls*, not Irish."

A letter was received in New Orleans directed "To the biggest fool in New Orleans." The postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the younger functionaries, in the name of the letter, "Why," replied the clerk, "I did not know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, so I opened the letter myself." "And what did you find in it?" "Why," responded the clerk, "nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man!'"

The late Professor D— prior to his appointment to his chair, was rector of an academy in Farnham. He was particularly reserved in his intercourse with the fair sex; but, in prospect of obtaining a professorship, he attempted to make proposals to a lady, who was put without previous notice of warning. Of course, the lady replied by a gentle "No!" The subject was immediately dropped; but the parties soon met again. "Do you remember," at length said the lady, "a question which you put to me when we last met?" "Yes," replied the professor, "that he remembered." "And the Professor," "Well, Mr. D—," proceeded the lady, "I have been led, on consideration, to change my mind." "And so have I," dryly responded the Professor. He maintained his bachelorhood to the close.

When we see a man ostentatiously buying books that he never intends to read, and that he couldn't understand if he did, we are reminded of deaf men buying tickets to the opera, and blind ones to picture-galleries.



COMMANDER DAHLGREN, U.S.N., AND THE DAHLGREN GUN.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.]—SEE PAGE 246.



THE WASHINGTON NAVY-YARD, WITH SHAD FISHERS IN THE FOREGROUND.—[SEE PAGE 246.]









GUN-BOAT "WYANDOTT."

STORE-SHIP "SUPPLY."

FRIGATE "SAHINE."

THE UNITED STATES FLEET OFF FOR



UNITED STATES STEAM-SLOOP "BROOKLYN."  
ST. PICKENS, FLORIDA.—[See Page 246.]

GUN-BOAT "CRUSADER."

"ST. LOUIS."

## A CHARGE.

BY WINTHROP MARKWORTH PRAED.

Come from my First, ay, come!  
The battle dawn is nigh;  
And the screaming trumpet and the thundering drum  
Are calling thee to die!  
Fight as thy father fell;  
Fall as thy father fell;  
Thy task is taught; thy shroud is wrought;  
So—forward! and farewell!

Toll ye, my Second, toll!  
Fling high the flambeau's light;  
And sing the hymn for a parted soul,  
Beneath the silent night!  
The wreath upon his breast,  
The cross upon his breast,  
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:  
So—take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole, ay, call!  
The lord of lute and lay;  
And let him greet the sable pall  
With a noble song to-day;  
Go, call him by his name;  
No fitter hand may crave  
To light the flame of a soldier's grave  
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

## LOOK AFTER BROWN.

THERE was not a busier man in all the little town of B— than Mr. John Ferret: a lawyer by profession, he was every thing else almost by election, and really did nearly as much good as harm, and that is saying a great deal in his favor, considering he was a lawyer. Ferret was a constant patron of all the itinerant lecturers who visited B—, and a certain purchaser of every new invention pertaining to domestic economy or enjoyment. Patent stoves, patent bedsteads, patent frying-pans, and patent any thing, had irresistible charms for him; and at the period of our tale he had become the proprietor of the Patent Niagara Shower Bath, warranted to wash a blackamoore white, so tremendous was the rush of its waters. This terrible machine was erected in a small breakfast parlor, as its dimensions exceeded the capacity of Mr. Ferret's dressing-room, and was, on the 12th of last December, a source of considerable amusement to Wapshot, the page in waiting to Mrs. Ferret. That young gentleman was delighted at the roar of the descending streams which followed the pulling of a cord resembling a bell-rope, and his speculations as to the effect to be produced upon his master were made manifest by the performance of a kind of war-dance, which ceased only on the entrance of Mrs. Ferret.

"Wapshot! Sir!" exclaimed the lady, "what are you about?"

"Oh, mem, only hear!" said the excited butler, pulling the string. "That's master's new shower-bath."

"The fall of water was terrible," said Mr. Ferret, "but certainly is very powerful; but Mr. Ferret will be the only sufferer," remarked the lady. "Thank goodness! it has nothing to do with the house arrangements this time."

The pleasant anticipations of Wapshot were doomed to disappointment, for a knock at the door, and its consequences, brought Mr. Ferret instantly in pursuit of his wife. In his hurry to communicate with his *caro sposa*, Mr. F. had evidently forgotten the progress he had made in his bathing costume, and being a bald-headed man (with the most imposing wig in B—), he had surrounded his glossy cranium with a long, conical, oil-cloth cap, according to the "Directions for Use," which accompanied the bill and recipe for the Niagara.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Ferret, in astonishment at her husband's singular appearance. "And bless me!" rejoined Mr. Ferret, "since it comes to that—there's a letter addressed to you—I have opened it, as I did not know the handwriting (pray excuse the liberty)—and left by a gentleman from Mincing Lane."

"What, from dear old Uncle Richman?" cried Mrs. Ferret.

"It is, Barbara; and this is what he says:

"Dear MARY—The bearer of this is a friend of our house, and destined to be introduced to Mr. Ferret. The name of the bearer is Mr. Brown."

"Brown?" said Mrs. Ferret, looking at her husband. "The gentleman is to call again?" inquired Mrs. Ferret, and not waiting for a reply, added: "Dear Old Uncle! It's a long time since we heard from him. I'm so glad he has not forgotten us, and it's lucky we can show him a civility. He is so very rich!"

"And we," remarked Mr. Ferret, laying great stress upon the personal pronoun—"we," his only relations; I say we, my dear, because with all your worldly goods you did me endow, and I looked upon your uncle Richman as part of your marriage settlement. Ha! ha! Barbara!"

Mr. Ferret had not done laughing at his own happy conceit when Wapshot placed in his hand a telegraphic message, and which that intelligent servant called a "legitrit."

"From Mr. Richman, also," said Mr. Ferret, and read aloud:

"From George Richman, London, to John Ferret, B—. Look after Brown."

"Our expected visitor, my dear. What's he mean by 'Look after Brown?'"

We have hesitated to confess that Mr. Ferret had any weakness beyond that love of novelty which, we are told in the Latin grammar, is common to all, but he had. Mr. Ferret was of a most suspicious nature, and trusted nothing and nobody until he had turned them inside out, as he expressed it.

"What's he mean?" answered Mrs. Ferret—that we are to show Mr. Brown every possible attention. 'Look after Brown.'"

"Well, I don't read it so," said Ferret. "Look after! means 'look after' after Brown."

"What a suspicious creature you are, Ferret!" "And you are so confiding you would trust this cat with the cream-jug," retorted Ferret.

"Didn't you annoy our neighbor from India by your ridiculous notion that he lured our ducks to lay in his garden?" said Mrs. F., with a sneer.

"The man was so hurt at your insinuations that he left his lodgings, and has lived at 'The George' ever since."

"So much the better," replied Ferret, declining, however, to satisfy his wife why it was more desirable for Mr. Mango to live at an inn than in lodgings; and adding, "However, I shall take care of Brown whenever he puts in an appearance."

They did not wait long for that pleasure, for Wapshot very soon after introduced a much sunburned, middle-aged gentleman as Mr. Brown to the pair of Ferrets.

Nothing could be kinder than his reception by the lady; nothing much colder than his introduction to the gentleman.

"And dear uncle—is he quite well?" said Mrs. Ferret.

"Quite so—apparently," said Mr. Brown, cautiously.

"No appearance of his distressing asthma and biennial gout?" asked Ferret, stimulated to join in conversation by Mr. Brown's slight hesitation in certifying to Mr. Richman's condition.

"I was not aware he was so afflicted," replied Brown; "I am not an intimate friend of Mr. Richman. His house was in connection with my agent in Calcutta, and I applied to him to assist me in my inquiry for a Mr. Mango. I was told he was living here, and that you would kindly introduce me."

"Dear me, how unfortunate!" said Mrs. Ferret, looking askance at her husband.

"Not at all! not at all!" exclaimed Ferret; "a man who allures silly creatures to desert their natural protectors—to forget the hand that feeds them—"

"You astonish me!" said Brown. "Mango was thought to be an eccentric man, but the soul of an honor. May I inquire whom he has lured into error?"

"Four Aylesbury ducks, Sir. Encouraged them to lay on his premises," answered Ferret.

Brown evidently thought Ferret insane, and considering his extraordinary costume, and the ridiculous charge against Mango, there was sufficient cause for the opinion. Brown therefore said, very mildly, "Oh, was that all! you have relieved me greatly. And where shall I find Mr. Mango?" "At the George Inn," replied Mrs. Ferret; "but I hope you will take dinner with us to-day. We dine at five."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Ferret, but I must return to London this evening," answered Brown. "Then oblige us by taking luncheon at two."

"I have a head-ache," said Ferret, glancing savagely at his wife.

"Mr. Brown will excuse your absence, I am sure," replied Mrs. Ferret, returning the look.

"I am sure I will," said Brown, with an emphasis which made Ferret start, and almost alarmed his jealousy.

"At twelve I will be punctual," said Mr. Brown, referring to his watch, which, to his apparent surprise, had stopped an hour ago.

"Pray, make use of mine," exclaimed Mrs. Ferret. "It was a present from my dear uncle, and goes capitally."

"Goes! of course it does!" whispered Ferret, holding up the telegram at the back of his visor.

"I thank you very much," answered Brown, "and will, with your permission, leave my watch with you. It is a strange-looking affair."

It was, and quite justified Ferret's remark, who, on learning that it had come from India, observed, "The climate must be favorable to watches, if they generally grow to the size of the present specimen."

Mr. Brown merely looked at him in reply, and then addressing Mrs. Ferret, said, with some earnestness, "It is of English make, ma'am, and I hope to have something to tell you about it when I return."

"When he returns," whispered Ferret again, showing his telegram.

"Which will be at twelve," returned his wife, pointing significantly to her letter.

"To a moment," added Brown; "so for the present I wish you good-morning."

"John Ferret," said the lady, when Brown had left the house; "John Ferret, I blush for you! How can you be such a bear!"

"I am ashamed of you," retorted Ferret, "for being such a fool. Do you expect to see that watch any more? You had better have a handle put to the one he has left you, and use it as a warming-pan. To call that a watch! A steam-engine of twenty horse-power at least! Ah! you may well stare at it. However, it's your own doing, and if you lose your watch, don't ask me to buy another."

Mr. Brown's odd-looking time-piece seemed to interest Mrs. Ferret strangely, so much so that she burst into tears and left the room.

Mr. Ferret was rather pleased than otherwise at his wife's tribulation, receiving it as a testimony to his oratory and discrimination, two things upon which he prided himself exceedingly.

A client was now announced, and Mr. Ferret, utterly unmindful of his singular head-dress, requested the new-comer to be shown into the breakfast parlor.

"Well, Spooner! an early bird this morning," said Ferret. "What's the matter? Sit down."

Mr. Spooner, who was at all times very nervous in Mr. Ferret's presence, now evinced an increased trepidation at finding he had intruded upon the worthy lawyer's privacy, and it was not until he

had been told to "go on," and to "fire away," that he ventured to observe that he had "come for a little advice."

"And shall have it cheap," said Ferret, encouragingly. "Thirteen and four-pence an hour isn't dear. Is it?"

"Five minutes past ten," continued Ferret, looking at his watch; "say ten, so fire away."

Mr. Spooner shook a good deal, and obeyed. "I have been broken into, Mr. Ferret."

"What?"

"I was a victim to burglary last night. I was in bed."

"Nothing unusual in that," said Ferret.

"No, Sir—and asleep."

"And snoring?"

"No, Sir; thank goodness my worst enemy can't accuse me of that! I heard a noise in the wash-house. Up I gets—"

"And down you goes, of course; and there you saw—?"

"A man who cried out, 'Take care—!'"

"Of Brown?" exclaimed Ferret, starting up.

"I can't say, Sir, but he threw a bottle-jack at me, and I threw a boot-jack in return, and—and—"

me, and I threw a boot-jack in return, and—and—"

blue bag, which contained something bulky.

"Knocked off his head?" inquired Ferret.

"No; I wish it had been. It's only his hat; and Spooner produced a low-crowned broad-brimmed beaver, very much the worse for the service it had seen."

Now, strange to say, Brown's hat was just the same shape, and as trifles light as air are to the jealous mind confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ (the idea is not ours), and Mr. Ferret being, as we have already observed, of a suspicious temperament, he instantly exclaimed,

"As I live, it's that scoundrel, Brown."

"What a clever man you are, Mr. Ferret! you know the hat. The man was—"

"Tall," said Ferret.

"No—short," said Spooner.

"No—tall," cried Ferret: "he can shut himself up like a telescope, no doubt."

"You think so?" asked the wondering client.

"Rather fat—"

"When compressed. Draws out long and thin," remarked Ferret, determined not to lose his man.

"I know the fellow—he was here before I had breakfast. But I was up to him. Don't mind showing you," producing the telegram. "Read that. 'Look after Brown.'"

"Dear me! what information you have, Mr. Ferret. What's to be done?"

"Spooner, I wouldn't let that fellow escape for a thousand pounds. You shall identify him; he will be here directly. Mrs. Ferret must not suspect we have found out any thing, or such is her infatuation she will be giving the vagabond warning. No; you shall stay here. Ah! a brilliant thought! Get in here," said Ferret, undrawing the curtain of "Niagara."

"In there!" replied Spooner, hesitating to enter the bath.

"It's quite safe, only a very little damp; and the smell of the paint is quite refreshing," said Ferret, as he handed in his unwilling client.

Mr. Ferret was doomed to have a busy morning, for Spooner had scarcely been made a companion of the Bath when Wapshot announced a stranger newly come by the train.

Ferret would have made some preparation before receiving him, but the business which had brought the stranger to B— evidently admitted of no delay, as he followed Wapshot into the room, and introduced himself.

"My name's Drabs, Sir," said the new-comer. "I'm from Pankers."

"Well," replied Ferret, rather annoyed at the intrusion, "that's a great deal of information in a few words. Pray, Mr. Drabs, who is Pankers?"

"Pankers," answered Drabs, "is a metropolitan parish, and I am its head—plain as I appear."

"A parochial peacock without its feathers," thought Ferret. "Traveling in a wig—and for what purpose?"

"The fact is," said Drabs, settling down in an arm-chair—"the fact is, in our parish we have more wives and small children than we know what to do with, and a unmitigated vagabond has left us five—"

"What—wives?" inquired Ferret.

"No; children, and one wife," replied Drabs. "We've traced him down here, and I've been referred to you, as Clerk to the Guardians, to help us to get him back again. He isn't particular what he calls himself. Sometimes it's Down, sometimes it's Brown, sometimes—"

"Brown—Brown!" exclaimed Ferret; the one idea still uppermost in his mind.

"Well, let us think," said Drabs, sucking the knob of his stick, and cooking one eye up at the ceiling. "Well, I should say it's very likely he might a' called himself Brown at some period or other."

"Then I've got him, Drabs," cried Ferret. "A human cuckoo that leaves his brood in any nest that will hold them! He'll be here directly."

"But are you sure he's my man?" asked Drabs, not to be too hasty in the matter.

"Tall!" said Ferret.

"Well, betwixt and between."

"Rather thin?"

"Not corpulent, certainly," answered Drabs, glancing at his own well-developed figure.

"It's the same man!" said Ferret. "I expect him here every moment. You shall pounce upon him like a hawk. Let me introduce you to another victim of Brown," said Ferret, drawing aside the curtain of the bath. "Mr. Drabs of Pankers, Mr. Spooner of B—, you'll soon know each other—"

mutual wrongs are like the thongs which bound the *fierez*. A classical figure of speech, in great favor with Mr. F. at all local meetings.

The trip being set and baited, Mr. Ferret proceeded to his dressing-room to make his toilet, ex-

ulting in his anticipated triumph over the credulity of Mrs. Ferret, should Brown return, or not. He was not quite so clever as he thought himself.

There was evidently a culmination of events threatening the House of Ferret this morning, for, to the terror of Wapshot (the real egg-sucker), Mr. Mango knocked at the door.

Mrs. Ferret was very pleased and surprised to see Mr. Mango, and told him so.

"You are most kind," said the old gentleman. "I have long desired to pay this visit, indeed it was my business here at B—, but Mr. Ferret's extraordinary conduct with regard to those Aylesbury ducks made it impossible."

"Pray think no more of that, my dear Sir. Mr. Ferret had been very ill with a fever and lost—lost—"

"His wits?" asked Mr. Mango.

"No, Sir, not his wits, but a remarkable fine head of hair, and the loss made him very irritable. Besides, I must own, that, though he is a most affectionate husband, he is the most suspicious man alive."

"What has made him so?" inquired Mango.

"I think it is his profession," replied Mrs. Ferret. "He is a lawyer; and, therefore, sees so much of the bad side of human nature, that he almost doubts if there be a good one. Pray think no more of that ridiculous matter."

"Well, for your sake," said Mr. Mango, "I will not. You know a Mr. Brown, I believe?"

"He called here this morning," replied Mrs. Ferret; "and—really I am ashamed to own it—but John suspects him of some design upon him. I would give a great deal to cure John of this unfortunate disposition to be so distrustful."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Mango, and it was evident Mr. Ferret was no favorite with the old Indian. "My visit to you," he continued, "has reference to an interview I have had with Mr. Brown."

Mr. Ferret having completed his toilet, substituting a wig, which George the Fourth would have envied, for his oil-cloth extinguisher, fancied he heard voices in the adjoining room, and stealing to the door, as stealthily as a cat, opened it without noise, and to his surprise saw Mr. Mango in conversation with his wife, and heard the hated name of Brown.

"Your maiden name," said Mango, "was Chubb."

"What's that to him?" thought Ferret; "I changed it."

"You were an orphan, and married a man older than yourself."

"Like his impudence," muttered Ferret; "he's been looking up the parish register."

"You had an uncle Godfrey, who years ago went to India—a bankrupt, worthless fellow."

"He had been unfortunate," replied Mrs. Ferret, "but my mother always said he was the kindest of brothers."

Mango paused for a moment, took the hand of Mrs. Ferret, and looking at her, tenderly said, "You are very like your mother, in openness of face and confidence of disposition. Brown has told me of your lending him your watch."

"Of course," thought Ferret, "and laughed at her stupidity."

"He left one with you?" asked Mango.

"Yes, and here it is," replied Mrs. Ferret; "I recognize it in a very old acquaintance."

"And I an older one," said Mango. "Do you mind trusting this to me for a short time?"

"Oh, certainly not," answered Mrs. Ferret, giving Mango the wonderful piece of mechanism.

"I see it all," thought Ferret. "Brown has her watch: Mango gets Brown's, and Mrs. F. is done out of both."

"I knew your uncle well," said Mango. "Some years ago he sent you a locket—I see it there. May I be allowed to look at it?"

"He will have the wedding-ring off her finger presently," thought Ferret, and began to consider whether he was not bound as a husband to present himself. The return of Mr. Brown left him no alternative.

Either the abruptness of Ferret's entrance into the room or the magnificence of his wig overpowered his visitors, and neither spoke for nearly a minute; while he, with arms folded and figure erect, looked any thing but a welcome.

"John!" exclaimed Mrs. Ferret, at length, "what is the matter with you?"

A look was her only answer, and then Ferret took from the table the blue bag brought by Spooner, and producing the hat left behind by the burglar, threw it with great force at the feet of Mr. Brown.

"Is the man mad?" cried Mango.

Ferret, undisturbed by the remark, placed himself opposite to Brown, and in a hissing whisper, which would have made any tragedian's fortune, said: "A wife and five children are in Pankers workhouse. Where is the husband? Where is the father?"

"How should I know, my dear Sir?" replied Brown, getting rather alarmed.

"The house of a peaceable citizen was broken into last night."

"Well, Sir," remarked Brown, not in the least understanding why the information was confided so particularly to him.

"But we were warned in time," said Ferret, raising his voice to gallery pitch. "Thanks to the Electric Telegraph. Read that, Sir, from our excellent relative, Mr. Richman. 'LOOK AFTER BROWN.'"

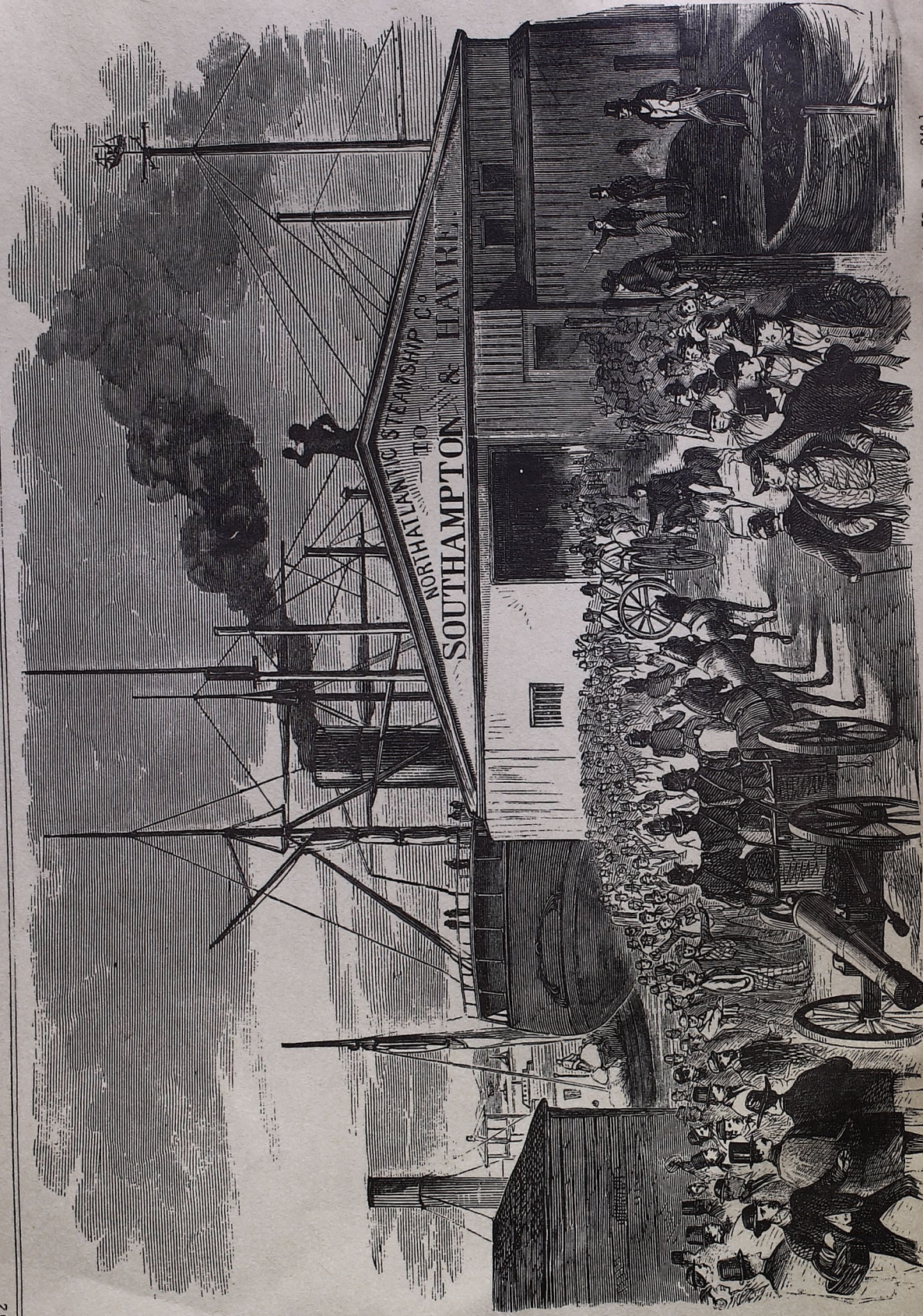
"Mad! Decidedly mad!" cried Mango, buttoning up his coat and preparing to retreat; but poor Mrs. Ferret, almost hysterical with disgust and anger, clung round his neck and prevented his egress.

"And dare you, Sir," said Brown, as soon as his indignation would allow the words to escape his lips—"dare you, Sir, accuse me of burglary and desertion?"

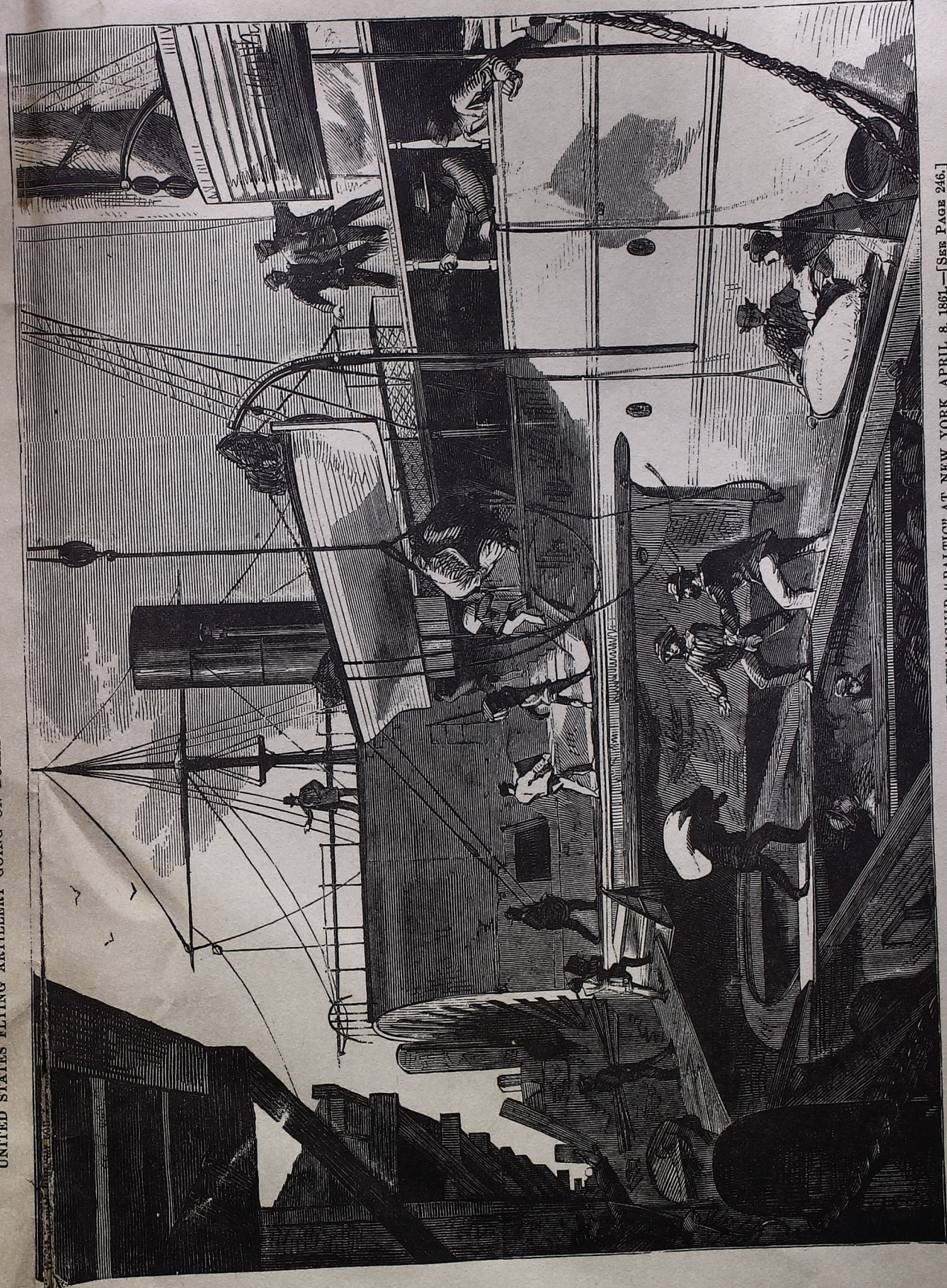
"In unvarnished English—yes," bawled Ferret, "and I've witnesses there, pointing to 'Niagara.'"

"Produce them!" shouted Brown.





UNITED STATES FLYING ARTILLERY GOING ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP "ATLANTIC" AT NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 246.]



SHIPMENT OF MILITARY STORES ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP "BAL TIC" AT NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 246.]



THE BEGGAR'S SOLILOQUY.

I  
Now, this, to my notion, is pleasant cheer,  
To lie all alone on a ragged heath,  
Where your nose isn't sniffing for bones or beer,  
But a peat-fire smells like a garden beneath.  
The cottagers bustle about the door,  
And the girl at the window ties her strings.  
She's a dish for a man who's a mind to be poor!  
Lord! women are such expensive things.

II  
We don't marry beggars, says she: why, no;  
It seems that to make 'em is what you do;  
And as I can cook, and sew, and sew,  
I needn't pay half my vicarious for you.  
A man for himself should be able to scratch,  
But tickling's a luxury:—love, indeed!  
Love burns as long as the lucifer match,  
Wedlock's the candle! Now, that's my creed.

III  
The church-bells sound water-like over the wheat;  
And up the long path troop pair after pair.  
The man's well-brushed, and the woman looks neat,  
It's man and woman every where!  
Unless, like me, you lie here flat,  
With a donkey for friend, you must have a wife;  
She pulls out your hair, but she brushes your hat.  
Appearances make the best half of life.

IV  
You nice little madam! you know you're nice,  
I remember hearing a parson say  
You're a playful of vanity pepper'd with vice;  
You chap at the gate thinks to her way.  
On his waistcoat you read both his head and his heart:  
There's a whole week's wages there figured in gold!  
Yes! when you turn round you may well give a start:  
It's fun to a fellow who's getting old.

V  
Now, that's a good craft, wearing waistcoats and flowers,  
And selling of ribbons, and scenting of lard:  
It gives you a house to get in from the showers,  
And food when your appetite jockeys you hard.  
You live a respectable man; but I ask  
If it's worth the trouble? You use your tools,  
And spend your time, and what's your task?  
Why, to make a slide for a couple of fools.

VI  
You can't match the color o' these beath mounds,  
Nor better that peat-fire's agreeable smell.  
I'm doth'd-like with natural sights and sounds;  
To myself I'm in tune. I hope you're as well.  
You jolly old cot! though you don't own coal:  
It's a generous pot that's bolt'd with peat.  
Let the Lord Mayor o' London roast oxen whole:  
His smoke, at least, don't smell so sweet.

VII  
I'm not a low Radical, hailing the laws,  
Who'd the aristocracy rebuke.  
I talk o' the Lord Mayor o' London because  
I once was acquainted with his cook.  
I served him a turn, and got pensioned on scraps,  
Till Death knock'd him down with the softest of raps,  
And I knew what was meant by a tallory face!

VIII  
On the contrary, I'm Conservative quite:  
There's beggars in Scripture 'mongst Gentiles and Jews:  
It's nonsense, trying to set things right,  
For if people will give, why, who'll refuse?  
That stopping old custom wakes my spleen:  
The poor and the rich both in giving agree:  
Your tight-fisted shopman's the Radical mean:  
There's nothing in common 'twixt him and me.

IX  
He says I'm no use! but I won't reply.  
You're lucky not being of use to him!  
On week-days he's playing at Spider and Fly,  
And on Sundays he sings about Cherubim!  
Nailing shillings to counters is his chief work:  
He nods now and then at the name on his door:  
But judge of us two at a bow and a smile.  
I think I'm his match: and I'm honest—that's more.

X  
No use! well, I mayn't be. You ring a pig's snout,  
And then call the animal glutton! Now, he,  
Mr. Shopman, he's naught but a pipe and a spout  
Who won't let the goods o' this world pass free.  
This blazing blue weather all round the brown crop,  
He can't enjoy! all but each he hates.  
He's only a snail that crawls under his shop:  
Though he has got the ear o' the magistrates.

XI  
Now, giving and taking's a proper exchange,  
Like question and answer: you're both content.  
But buying and selling seems always strange;  
You're hostile, and that's the thing that's meant.  
It's man against man—you're almost brutes,  
There's here no thanks, and there's there no pride.  
If Charley's Christian, don't blame my pursuits,  
I carry a touchstone by which you're tried.

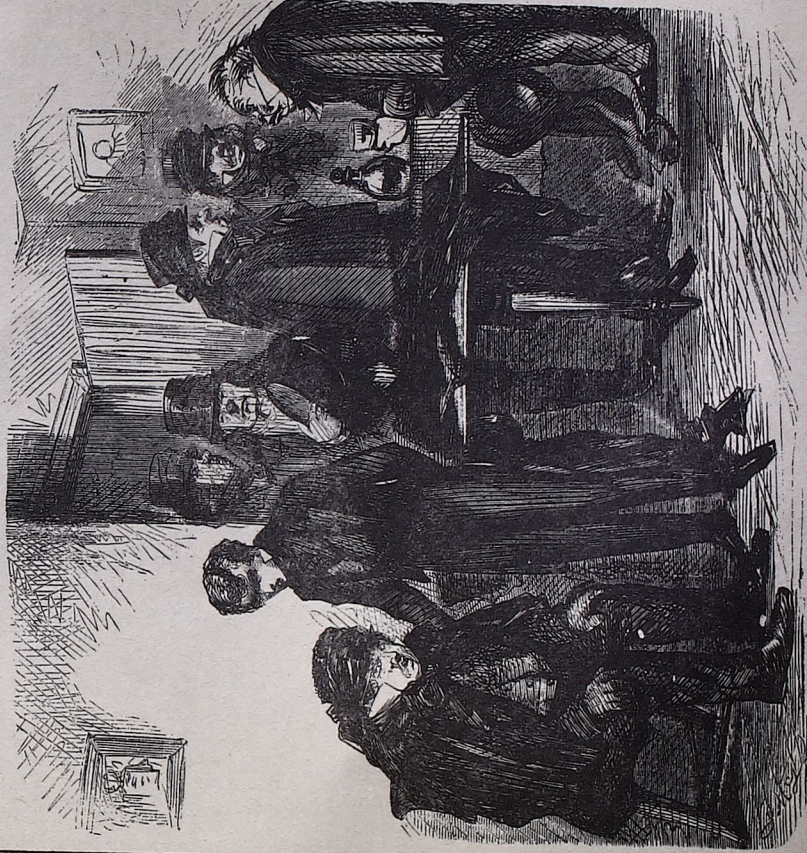
XII  
—"Take it," says she, "it's all I've got."  
I remember a girl in London streets;  
She stood by a coffee-stall, nice and hot,  
My belly was like a lamb that bleats.  
Says I to myself, as her shilling I seized,  
You haven't a character here, my dear!  
But for making a rascal like me so pleased,  
I'll give you one, in a better sphere!

XIII  
And that's where it is—she made me feel  
I was a rascal: but people who scorn,  
And tell a poor patch-breech he isn't genteel,  
Why, they make him kick up—and he treads on a corn.

XIV  
It isn't liking, it's curs'd ill-luck,  
Drives half of us into the begging-trade:  
If for taking to water you praise a duck,  
For taking to beer why a man upbraids?

XV  
The sermon's over: they're out of the porch.  
And it's time for me to move a leg:  
But in general people who come from church,  
And have call'd themselves sinners, hate claps to beg.  
I'll wager they'll all of 'em die to-day!  
I was easy half a minute ago.  
If that last pig that's basking away,  
May I perish!—we're never contented—helgho!

GEORGE MEREDITH.



"DEAR JOE, HOW ARE YOU?"

THE LAST HYMN.  
"Yet once more on the organ play  
To me, old neighbor mine;  
Try if my heart may be refreshed  
Still by its tones divine—"  
The sick one prayed, the neighbor played,  
So played he ne'er before;  
So glorious are the tones that he  
Knows his own touch no more.

"Tis some unearthly blessed strain  
Bursts forth as he doth play—  
He stops with awe—the listener's soul  
Hath gently passed away.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860,  
by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the Dis-  
trict Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

Printed from the Manuscript and  
early Proof-sheets purchased by the  
Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's  
Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

As I had grown accustomed to my expecta-  
tions I had insensibly begun to notice their ef-  
fect upon myself and those around me. Their  
influence on my own character I disguised from  
my recognition as much as possible; but I know  
very well that it was not all good. I lived in a  
state of chronic uneasiness respecting my be-  
havior to Joe. My conscience was not by any  
means comfortable about Biddy. When I woke  
up in the night—like Camilla—I used to think,  
with a weariness on my spirits, that I should  
have been happier and better if I had never seen  
Miss Havisham's face, and had risen to manhood

content to be partners with Joe in the honest  
old forge. Many a time of an evening, when I  
sat alone, looking at the fire, I thought, after  
all there was no fire like the forge fire and the  
kitchen fire at home.

Yet Estella was so inseparable from all my  
restlessness and disquiet of mind, that I really  
fell into confusion as to the limits of my own  
part in its production. That is to say, suppos-  
ing I had had no expectations, and yet had had  
Estella to think of, I could not make out to my  
satisfaction that I should have done much bet-  
ter. Now, concerning the influence of my posi-  
tion on others, I was in no such difficulty, and  
so I perceived—though dimly enough, perhaps,  
—that it was not beneficial to any body, and  
above all, that it was not beneficial to Herbert.  
My lavish habits led his easy nature into ex-  
penses that he could not afford, corrupted the  
simplicity of his life, and disturbed his peace  
with anxieties and regrets. I was not at all re-  
morseful for having unwittingly set those other  
branches of the Pocket family to the poor arts  
they practiced: because such littlenesses were  
their natural bent, and would have been evoked  
by any body else, if I had left them slumbering.  
But Herbert's was a very different case, and it  
often caused me a twinge to think that I had  
done him evil.

Now, as an infallible way of mak-  
ing a great ease, I began to contract a quiver  
of debt. I could hardly begin but Herbert must  
begin too, so he soon followed. At Startop's  
suggestion, we put ourselves down for election  
into a club called The Finches of the Grove: the  
object of which institution I have never divine,  
if it were not that the members should dine ex-  
pensively once a fortnight, to quarrel among  
themselves as much as possible after dinner, and  
to cause six waiters to get drunk on the stairs.  
I know that these gratifying social ends were so  
invariably accomplished that Herbert and I un-  
derstood nothing else to be referred to in the  
first standing toast of the society, which ran:  
"Gentlemen, may the present promotion of good  
feeling ever reign predominant among the Finches  
of the Grove."

The Finches spent their money foolishly (the  
hotel we dined at was in Covent Garden), and  
the first Finch I saw, when I had the honor of  
joining the Grove, was Bentley Drummie: at  
that time floundering about town in a cab of his  
own, and doing a great deal of damage to the  
posts at the street corners. Occasionally he shot  
himself out of his equipage head-foremost over  
the apron; and I saw him, on one occasion, de-  
liver himself at the door of the Grove in this un-  
intentional way—like coals. But here I antici-  
pate a little, for I was not a Finch, and could  
not be, according to the sacred laws of the so-  
ciety, until I came of age.

In my confidence in my own resources I would  
willingly have taken Herbert's expenses on my-  
self; but Herbert was proud, and I could make  
no such proposal to him. So he got into diffi-  
culties in every direction, and continued to look  
about him. When we gradually fell into keep-  
ing late hours and late company, I noticed that  
he looked about him with a despondent eye at  
breakfast-time; that he began to look about him  
more hopelessly about mid-day; that he drooped  
when he came in to dinner; that he seemed to  
desire Capital in the distance rather clearly,  
after dinner; that he all but realized Capital  
and banked it toward midnight; and that at  
about two o'clock in the morning he became so  
deeply despondent again as to talk of buying a  
rifle and going to America, with a general pur-  
pose of compelling buffaloes to make his fortune.

I was usually at Hammersmith about half the  
week, and when I was at Hammersmith I haunt-  
ed Richmond: whereof separately by-and-by.  
Herbert would often come to Hammersmith  
when I was there, and I at those seasons  
his father would occasionally pass some passing  
perception that the opening he was looking for  
had not appeared yet. But in the general tum-  
bling up of the family, his tumbling out in life  
somewhere, was a thing to transact itself some-  
how. In the mean time Mr. Pocket grew gray,  
er, and tried offener to lift himself out of his

[APRIL 20, 1861.]

perplexities by the hair. While Mrs. Pocket raved up the family with her footstool, read her book of dignities, lost her pocket-handkerchief, told us about her grandpapa, and taught the young idea how to shoot, by shooting it into bed whenever it attracted her notice.

As I am now generalizing a period of my life with the object of clearing the way before me, I can scarcely do so better than by at once completing the description of our usual manners and customs at Barnard's Inn.

We spent as much money as we could, and got as little for it as people could make up their minds to give us. We were always more or less miserable, and most of our acquaintance were in the same condition. There was a gay fiction among us that we were constantly enjoying ourselves, and a skeleton truth that we never did. To the best of my belief, our case was in the last aspect a rather common one.

Every morning, with an air ever new, Herbert went into the City to look about him. I often paid him a visit in the dark back-room in which he consorted with an ink-jar, a hat-peg, a coal-box, a string-box, an almanac, a desk and stool, and a ruler; and I do not remember that I ever saw him do any thing else but looking about him. If we all did what we undertake to do as faithfully as Herbert did, we might live in a Republic of the Virtues. He had nothing else to do, poor fellow, except at a certain hour of every afternoon to "go to Lloyd's"—in observance of a ceremony of seeing his principal, I think. He never did any thing else in connection with Lloyd's that I could find out, except come back again. When he felt his case unusually serious, and that he positively must find an opening, he would go on 'Change at the busy time, and walk in and out in a kind of gloomy country-dance figure, among the assembled magnates. "For," says Herbert to me, coming home to dinner on one of these special occasions, "I find the truth to be, Handel, that an opening won't come to me, but one must go to it—so I have been."

If we had been less attached to one another, I think we must have hated one another regularly every morning. I detested the chambers beyond not endure the sight of the Avenger's liver; which had a more expensive and a less remunerative appearance than that at any other time in the four-and-twenty hours. As we got more and more into debt, breakfast became a hollower and hollower form, and, being on one occasion at breakfast-time threatened (by letter) with legal proceedings, "not unwholly unconnected," as my local paper might put it, "with jewelry," I went so far as to seize the Avenger by his blue collar and shake him off his feet—so that he was actually in the air, like a booted Cupid—for presuming to suppose that we wanted a French roll. At certain times—meaning at uncertain times,

we were a remarkable discovery. "If you will believe me, those on my lips, by a strange coincidence, I would respond, 'let us into our affairs.'"

We always derived profound satisfaction from making an appointment for this purpose. I always thought myself, this was business, this was the way to confront the thing, this was the way to take the foe by the throat. And I know Herbert thought so too.

We generally ordered something rather special for dinner, with a bottle of something similarly out of the common way, in order that our minds might be fortified for the occasion, and we might come well up to the mark. Dinner over, we produced a bundle of pens, a copious supply of ink, and a goodly show of writing and blotting paper. For there was something very comfortable in having plenty of stationery.

I would then take a sheet of paper, and write across the top of it, in a neat hand, the heading "Memorandum of Pip's debts," with Barnard's Inn and the date very carefully added. Herbert would also take a sheet of paper, and write across it with similar formalities, "Memorandum of Herbert's debts."

Each of us would then refer to a confused heap of papers at his side, which had been thrown into drawers, worn into holes in pockets, half burned in lighting candles, stuck for weeks into the looking-glass, and otherwise damaged. The sound of our pens going refreshed us exceedingly, inasmuch that I sometimes found it difficult to distinguish between this edifying business proceeding and actually paying the money. In point of meritorious character the two things seemed about equal.

When we had written a little while, I would ask Herbert how he got on? Herbert probably would have been scratching his head in a most rueful manner at the sight of his accumulating figures.

"They are mounting up, Handel," Herbert would say; "upon my life, they are mounting up." "Be firm, Herbert," I would retort, plying my own pen with great assiduity. "Look the thing in the face. Look into your affairs. Stare them out of countenance."

"So I would, Handel, only they are staring me out of countenance."

However, my determined manner would have its effect, and Herbert would fall to work again. After a time, he would give up once more, on the plea that he had not got Cobbs's bill, or Lobbs's, or Nobbs's, as the case might be.

"Then, Herbert, estimate it; estimate it in round numbers, and put it down."

"What a fellow of resource you are!" my friend would reply, with admiration. "Really your business powers are very remarkable."

I thought so too. I established with myself on these occasions the reputation of a first-rate man of business—prompt, decisive, energetic, clear, cool-headed. When I had got all my responsibilities down upon my list, I compared each with the bill, and ticked it off. My self-approval when I ticked an entry was almost a luxurious sensation. When I had no more ticks to make, I folded all my bills up uniformly, docketed each on the back, and tied the whole into a symmetrical bundle. Then I did the same for Herbert (who modestly said he had not my administrative genius), and felt that I had brought his affairs into a focus for him.

My business habits had one other bright feature, which I called, "leaving a margin." For example; supposing Herbert's debts to be one hundred and sixty-four pounds four-and-twopence, I would say, "leave a margin, and put them down at two hundred." Or supposing my own to be four times as much, I would leave a margin, and put them down at seven hundred. I had the highest opinion of the wisdom and prudence of this same margin; but I am bound to acknowledge that, on looking back, I deem it to have been an expensive device. For we always ran into new debt immediately, to the full extent of the margin, and sometimes, in the sense of freedom and solvency it imparted, got pretty far on into another margin.

But there was a calm, a rest, a virtuous lull, consequent on these examinations of our affairs, that gave me, for the time, an admirable opinion of myself. Soothed by my exertions, my method and Herbert's compliments, I would sit with his symmetrical bundle and my own on the table before me among the stationery, and feel like a Bank of some sort, rather than a private individual.

We shut our outer door on these solemn occasions, in order that we might not be interrupted. I had fallen into my serene state one evening, when we heard a letter dropped through the slit in the said door, and fall on the ground. "It's for you, Handel," said Herbert, going out and coming back with it, "and I hope there is nothing the matter." This was in allusion to its heavy black seal and border.

The letter was signed TRABBS & Co., and its contents were simply, that I was an honored Sir, and that they begged to inform me that Mrs. J. Gargery had departed this life on Monday last, at twenty minutes past six in the evening, and that my attendance was requested at the interment on Monday next at three o'clock in the afternoon.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

It was the first time that a grave had opened in my road of life, and the depth of the gap it made in the smooth ground was wonderful. The figure of my sister in her chair by the kitchen fire haunted me night and day. That the place could possibly be without her was something my mind seemed unable to compass; and where, as she had seldom or never been in my thoughts of late, I had now the strangest ideas that she was coming toward me in the street, or that she would presently knock at the door. In my rooms, too, with which she had never been at all associated, there was at once the blankness of death and a perpetual suggestion of the sound of her voice or the turn of her face or figure, as if she were still alive and had been often there.

Whatever my fortunes might have been, I could scarcely have recalled my sister with much tenderness. But I suppose there is a shock of regret which may exist without much tenderness. Under its influence (and perhaps to make up for the want of the softer feeling) I was seized with a violent indignation against the assassin from whom she had suffered so much; and I felt that, on sufficient proof, I could have revenged myself upon Orlick, or any one else, to the last extremity.

Having written to Joe, to offer consolation, and to assure him that I should come to the funeral, I passed the intermediate days in the curious state of mind I have glanced at. I went down early in the morning, and alighted at the Blue Boat in good time to walk over to the forge. It was fine summer weather again, and, as I walked along, the time when I was a little helpless creature, and my sister did not spare me, vividly returned. But they returned with a gentle tone upon them that soothed even the edge of Tycker. For now the very breath of the beans and clover whispered to my heart that the day must come when it would be well for my memory that others walking in the sunshine should be softened as they thought of me.

At last I came within sight of the house, and then I immediately saw that Trabbs & Co. had put in a funeral execution and taken possession. Two dismally absurd persons, each ostentatiously exhibiting a crutch done up in a black bandage—as if that instrument could possibly communicate any comfort to any body—were posted at the front door; and in one of them I recognized a young couple into a saw-pit on their bridal morning, in consequence of intoxication rendering it necessary for him to ride his horse clasped round the neck with both arms. All the children of the village, and most of the women, were admiring these sable warders and the closed windows of the house and forge; and as I came away with Mr. and Mrs. Hubble—to make up one of the two warders (the post-boy) knocked at the door—implying that I was far too much exhausted by grief to have strength remaining to knock for myself.

Another sable warder (a carpenter, who had once eaten two geese for a wage) opened the door, and showed me into the best parlor. Here Mr. Trabbs had taken unto himself the best table, and had got all the leaves up, and was holding a kind of black Bazar, with the aid of a quantity of black pins. At the moment of my arrival he

had just finished putting somebody's hat into black long-clothes, like an African baby; so he held out his hand for mine. But I, misled by the action, and confused by the occasion, shook hands with him with every testimony of warm affection.

Poor dear Joe in a little black cloak tied in a large bow under his chin, was seated apart at the upper end of the room; where, as chief mourner, he had evidently been deposited by Trabb. When I bent down and said to him, "Dear Joe, how are you?" he said, "Pip, old chap, you knowed her when she was a fine figure of a—" and clasped my hand, and said no more.

Biddy, looking very neat and modest in her black dress, went quietly here and there, and was very helpful. When I had spoken to Biddy, as I thought it not a time for talking I went and sat down near Joe, and there began to wonder in what part of the house it—she—my sister—was. The air of the parlor being faint with the smell of sweet cake, I looked about for the table of refreshments; it was scarcely visible until one had got accustomed to the gloom, but there was a cut-up plum-cake upon it, and there were cut-up oranges, and sandwiches, and biscuits, and two decanters that I knew very well as ornaments, but had never seen used in all my life, one full of port and one of sherry. Standing at this table, I became conscious of the servant, the Pumblechook, in a black cloak and several yards of hat-band, who was alternately stuffing himself, and making obsequious movements to catch my attention. The moment he succeeded he came over to me (breathing sherry and crumbs), and said, in a subdued voice, "May I, dear Sir?" and did. I then described Mr. and Mrs. Hubble—the last-named in a decent speechless paroxysm in a corner. We were all going up separately (by Trabb) into ridiculous bundles. "Which I meantersey, Pip," Joe whispered me, as we were being what Mr. Trabb called "formed" in the parlor, two and two—and I was dreadfully like a preparation for some grim kind of dance—"which I meantersey, Sir, as I would in preference have carried her to the church myself, along with three or four friendly ones wot come to it with willing harts and arms; but it were considered wot the neighbors would look down on such, and would be of opinions as it were wanting in respect."

"Pocket-handkerchiefs out, all!" cried Mr. Trabb at this point, in a depressed business-like voice. "Pocket-handkerchiefs out! We are ready!"

So we all put our pocket-handkerchiefs to our faces, as if our noses were bleeding, and filed out two and two; Joe and I; Biddy and Pumblechook; Mr. and Mrs. Hubble. The remains of my poor sister had been brought round by the kitchen door; and, it being a point of Undertaking ceremony that the six bearers must be stifled and blinded under a horrible black velvet housing with a white border, the whole looked like a blind monster with twelve human legs, shuffling and blundering along, under the guidance of two keepers—the post-boy and his comrade.

The neighborhood, however, highly approved of these arrangements, and we were much admired as we went through the village; the more youthful and vigorous part of the community making dashes now and then to cut us off, and lying in wait to intercept us at points of vantage. At such times the more exuberant among them called out in an excited manner, on our emergency round some corner of expectancy, "Here they come! Here they are!" and we were all but cheered. In this progress I was much annoyed by the abject Pumblechook, who, being behind me, persisted all the way, as a delicate attention, in arranging my streaming hat-band and smoothing my cloak. My thoughts were further distracted by the excessive pride of Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, who were surpassingly conceited and vainglorious in being members of so distinguished a procession.

At last the rattle of murrises lay clear before us, with the sails of the ships on the river growing out of it; and we went into the church-yard close to the graves of my unknown parents, Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above. And there my sister was laid quietly in the earth while the larks sang high above it, and the light wind strewed it with beautiful shadows of clouds and trees.

Of the conduct of the worldly-minded Pumblechook while this was doing I desire to say no more than it was all addressed to me; and that even when those noble passages were read which remind humanity how it brought nothing into the world and can take nothing out, and how it fleeth like a shadow and never continueth long in one stay; I heard him cough a reservation of the case of a young gentleman who came unexpectedly into large property. When we got back, he had the hardihood to tell me that he wished my sister could have known I had done her so much honor, and to hint that she would have considered it purchased reasonably at the price of her death. After that he drank all the rest of the sherry, and Mr. Hubble drank the port; and the two talked (which I have since observed to be customary in such cases) as if they were of quite another race from the deceased, and were notoriously immortal. Finally, he went away with Mr. and Mrs. Hubble—to make up evening of it, I felt sure, and to tell the Jolly Bargemen that he was the founder of my fortunes and my earliest benefactor.

When they were all gone, and when Trabb and his men—but not his boy: I looked for him—had crammed their mummy into bags, and were gone too, the house felt wholesome. Soon afterward Biddy, Joe, and I had a cold dinner together; but we dined in the best parlor, not in the old kitchen, and Joe was so exceedingly particular what he did with his knife

and fork, and the salt-cellar, and what not, that there was great restraint upon us. But after dinner, when I made him take his pipe, and when I had loitered with him about the forge, and when we sat down together on the great block of stone outside it, we got on better. I noticed that after the funeral Joe changed his clothes so far as to make a compromise between his Sunday dress and working dress; in which the dear fellow looked natural and like the Man he was.

He was very much pleased by my asking if I might sleep in my own little room, and I was pleased too; for I felt that I had done rather a great thing in making the request. When the shadows of evening were closing in, I took an opportunity of getting into the garden with Biddy for a little talk.

"Biddy," said I, "I think you might have written to me about these sad matters."

"Do you, Mr. Pip?" said Biddy. "I should have written if I had thought that."

"Don't suppose that I mean to be unkind, Biddy, when I say I consider that you ought to have thought that."

"Do you, Mr. Pip?"

She was so quiet, and had such an orderly, good, and pretty way with her, that I did not like the thought of making her cry again. After looking a little at her downcast eyes, as she walked beside me, I gave up that point.

"I suppose it will be difficult for you to remain here now, Biddy dear?"

"Oh! I can't do so, Mr. Pip," said Biddy, in a tone of regret, but still of quiet conviction. "I have been speaking to Mrs. Hubble, and I am going to her to-morrow. I hope we shall be able to take some care of Mr. Gargery, together, until he settles down."

"How are you going to live, Biddy? If you want any mo—"

"How am I going to live?" repeated Biddy, striking in, with a momentary flush upon her face. "I'll tell you, Mr. Pip. I am going to try to get the place of mistress in the new school nearly finished here. I can be well recommended by all the neighbors, and I hope I can be in- dustrious and patient, and teach myself while I teach others. You know, Mr. Pip," pursued Biddy, with a smile, as she raised her eyes to my face, "the new schools are not like the old, but I learned a good deal from you after that time, and have had time since then to improve."

"I think you would always improve, Biddy, under any circumstances."

"Ah! Except in my bad side of human nature," murmured Biddy.

It was not so much a reproach as an irresistible thinking aloud. Well! I thought I would give up that point too. So I walked a little further with Biddy, looking silently at her downcast eyes.

"I have not heard the particulars of my sister's death, Biddy."

"They are very slight, poor thing! She had been in one of her bad states—though they had got better of late, rather than worse—for four days, when she came out of it in the evening, just at tea-time, and said, quite plainly, 'Joe, as she had never said any word for a long while, I ran and fetched in Mr. Gargery from the forge. She made signs to me that she wanted him to sit down close to her, and wanted me to put her arms round his neck. So I put them round his neck, and she laid her head down on his shoulder quite content and satisfied. And so she presently said 'Joe' again, and once 'Pardon,' and once 'Pip.' And so she never lifted her head up any more; and it was just an hour later when we laid it down on her own bed, because we found she was gone."

Biddy cried; the darkening garden, and the lane, and the stars that were coming out were blurred in my own sight.

"Nothing was ever discovered, Biddy?"

"Nothing."

"Do you know what is become of Orlick?"

"I should think, from the color of his clothes, that he is working in the quarries."

"Of course you have seen him then?—Why are you looking at that dark tree in the lane?"

"I saw him there on the night she died."

"That was not the last time either, Biddy?"

"No: I have seen him there since we have been walking here.—It is of no use," said Biddy, laying her hand upon my arm as I was for running out; "you know I would not deceive you; he was not there a minute, and he is gone."

It revived my utmost indignation to find that she was still pursued by this fellow, and I felt inveterate against him. I told her so, and told her that I would spend any money or take any pains to drive him out of that country. By degrees she led me into more temperate talk, and she told me how Joe loved me, and how Joe never complained of any thing—she didn't say of me; she had no need; I knew what she meant—but ever did his duty in his way of life with a strong hand, a quiet tongue, and a gentle heart.

"Indeed it would be hard to say too much for him," said I; "and Biddy, we must often speak of these things, for of course I shall be often down here now. I am not going to leave poor Joe alone."

Biddy said never a single word.

"Biddy, don't you hear me?"

"Yes, Mr. Pip."

"Not to mention your calling me Mr. Pip—what do I mean?"

"What do I mean?" asked Biddy, timidly.

"Biddy," said I, in a virtuously self-asserting manner, "I must request to know what you mean by this?"

"By this?" said Biddy.

"Now, don't echo," I retorted. "You used not to echo, Biddy."

"Used not!" said Biddy. "Oh, Mr. Pip! Used!"





**BEFORE THE MORRILL TARIFF.**

Mr. BULL (very indignant). "Back, Sir!—stand back, Sir! I shall protect the poor Negro from your bloodthirsty persecutions!"



**AFTER THE MORRILL TARIFF.**

Mr. BULL (very indignant once more). "Take that, you Black Rascal! can't you attend to your task, and keep the flies off my Friend from the South? My Dear Sir! the only way to manage with those lazy Niggers is to drive 'em, Sir! with the lash, Sir!"



CRUEL FAIR ONE (to Silent Partner). "Pray, have you NO Conversation?"

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**A New Story**  
By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

**Beadle's Dime Novels, No. 21**  
**SYBIL CHASE;**  
OR, THE VALLEY RANCH.  
A TALE OF CALIFORNIA LIFE.  
For Sale at all News Dealers.  
Complete, price Ten Cents.



Address BEADLE & COMPANY, NEW YORK.



At reduced prices, with Glass Cloth Presser, Improved Loop-Check, New Style Hammer, Binder, Corder, etc. Office, No. 10, Broadway, New York.  
This machine makes the 'LOCK STITCH,' and ranks highest, on account of the elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching when done, and the wide range of its application.  
[Report by American Institute, New York.]

**A PAIR OF REAL NOVELTIES.**  
AND ONE WITHOUT A MATE.  
THE "PAPER" TIE. A perfect "Relief" Patent applied for.  
"A new tie" every man needs, from tying Boys.

THE "LACE EDGE" TIE (exquisitely beautiful). SMITH & BROWNE, Sole Manufacturers, No. 35 Warren St., N.Y. N. B.—We sell to WHOLESALE JOBBERS ONLY. Country Merchants can order our goods of ANY JOBBER.

**Wilkie Collins's Best Book.**

Second Edition Now Ready.  
**The Crossed Path.**  
A Story of Modern Life and Manners.  
By **Wilkie Collins,**  
Author of "The Dead Secret," "The Woman in White," etc.

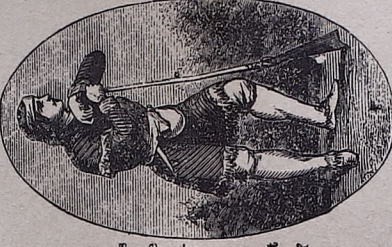
Being by far the best book ever yet written by him, is published THIS DAY, and should be read by everybody, and is complete in one large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth, for One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents; or in two volumes, paper cover, for One Dollar.  
Second edition in one week is published this day, and for sale by

**T. B. Peterson & Brothers,**  
306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Booksellers, News Agents, and all others, will please send on their orders at once for whatever they may want of the above.  
Copies sent per mail to any one, free of postage, on receipt of the price.

**Now! when the Times are Hard!!**  
Is the time to purchase

**BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!**



A GIFT with every Book that is of the value of One Dollar and upwards is presented at the time of sale.

**D. W. Evans & Co.,**  
Pioneer Gift Book Store,  
[677 Broadway, New York,

Have special satisfaction in calling the attention of the Public to their immense and varied Stock of Books, which is now larger than ever. They would also remark, that they have made VERY LARGE ADDITIONS TO THEIR PREVIOUSLY LARGE ASSORTMENT OF GIFTS, and are thus enabled to offer

**Greater Inducements than Ever!!!**  
We have always on hand all the NEW BOOKS, directly they are published, which we invariably sell at the Publishers' regular price. The gift is liberally a gift, and is not paid for by the purchaser. The recipient of the gift is the means of advertising us and our business. Gifts worth \$500, at the lowest wholesale prices, are impartially distributed with every \$1000 worth of books sold.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION is requested to our CARALOGUE, which contains a most valuable collection of standard publications in EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE, including the standard works of French, German, Spanish, and Italian authors; school and college text-books, scientific works, law and medical books. A fine assortment of

JUVENILE WORKS—Games, sports, etc.; Humorous works, containing no end of fun; all the standard Poets, in plain and elegant bindings, all sizes and styles; Travels and Adventures, a very large collection.

BIBLES and PRAYER BOOKS, from the plainest to the most elegant styles, in velvet, antique, etc. The largest collection of works of Fiction (by all the great authors) to be found in the United States.

HYMN BOOKS for all the religious denominations, in every variety of size and binding; Glee Books and Musical Instruction Books: all the standard works in Biography and History, etc., etc.

IN SHORT, EVERY BOOK, no matter upon what subject, can be procured of D. W. EVANS & CO., a GIFT, in all cases where the book is of the retail value of One Dollar and upwards.

THE GIFTS CONSIST OF GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Silver Plated Ware, costly sets of Cutlery, Silver Jewelry, Coral, Garnet, Turquoise, and Lava Jeweled Lockets, Gold Fench, Gold Pens, Fortnornades.

GOLD BRACELETS, Gent's Broom, Studs and Sleeve Buttons, Scarf Pins, Hair Pins, Silver Fruit Baskets, Gent's Gold Chain, Ladies' Neck and Chain, Imitation Chains.

SEWING MACHINES, by all the best makers, heavy Gold Crosses, Silver Goblets and Pitchers, and a THOUSAND VARIETIES OF USEFUL AND MAGNIFICENT ARTICLES.

OUR 73 PAGE CATALOGUE will be mailed to any address on application. Send for it, for if you don't wish to order anything, you will find it a very valuable book for reference, as it contains all the desirable books in print, AND WILL COST YOU NOTHING.

**D. W. EVANS & CO.,**  
PUBLISHERS AND GIFT BOOKSELLERS,  
677 Broadway, New York.

**WARD'S**

**Perfect Fitting Shirts,**

MADE TO MEASURE AT \$18 PER DOZEN.  
MADE OF NEW YORK MILLS MUSLIN.  
With fine Linen Bosoms, and warranted as good a Shirt as sold in the retail stores at \$2.50 each.

ALSO, THE VERY BEST SHIRTS THAT CAN BE MADE BY THE LATEST METHOD FOR SHIRTS.

Printed in the most perfect manner, and drawings of different styles of Shirts sent free everywhere, and so easy to understand, that any one can take their own measure for Shirts. I warrant a good fit. The cash to be paid to the Express Company on receipt of goods.

**S. W. H. WARD, from London,**  
No. 387 Broadway, N. Y., up Stairs.

**John B. Dunham.**



Are pronounced to be the best Pianos manufactured. Each Instrument warranted 5 years, or 1000 hours of Circular. Waterrooms and Manufactory, 15 to 25 East 13th Street, near Broadway, N. Y.

**Now Ready:**  
**Silas Marner,**  
The Weaver of Raveloe.  
By **GEORGE ELIOT.**  
Author of  
"Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Scenes of Clerical Life."

12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Paper, 60 cents.

Sent by mail, post-paid on receipt of the price.

**HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.**

**Harper's Weekly.**  
PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TERMS.  
One Copy for Twenty Weeks . . . \$1.00  
One Copy for One Year . . . 2.50  
One Copy for Two Years . . . 4.00  
Five Copies for One Year . . . 9.00  
Twenty-five Copies for One Year . . . 20.00  
Twenty-five Copies for Two Years . . . 40.00

Harper's Weekly and Harper's Magazine, one year, \$4.00.  
Volumes I, II, III, and IV, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, have ready bound in Cloth extra, Price \$3.50 each, are now ready.

\* To postmasters getting up a Club of Twelve or Twenty-five, a Copy will be sent gratis. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. Specimen Numbers gratuitously supplied.  
\* Clergymen and Teachers supplied at the lowest Club Rates.  
**HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.**